

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

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{ From Beginning,
{ Vol. CXLIV.

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POETRY.

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FIRST TIME AT CHURCH.

Just three years old ! and without a thought
of all the rites and creeds ;
Just three years old ! and unconscious quite of
the soul's unbounded needs ;
Content it should draw what life it may from
the food on which it feeds.

Just three years old ! and brought to church to
sit in the narrow pew,
And wonder at all the mysteries that rise be-
fore her view —
The noiseless movement down the aisle ; the
crowd, and the faces new ;

The organ that peals out magic strains, though
hidden from the sight ;
The arches, and windows of pictured glass that
tow'r to such a height ;
The eagle that bears the Bible up ; the choir
in their robes of white.

To wonder and watch with childish awe that
is more than mere surprise,
That seems to catch in the tones of earth some
echo of the skies,
And reflects itself in the tender face, in the
solemn, wide grey eyes,

Out of whose cloudless, dewy depths glimmers
the earliest ray
Of the awak'ning love, whose dawn heralds a
fuller day,
When, though the shadows may darker lie, the
mists will melt away ;

When the types shall find their antitypes, and
the mysteries be made clear,
Though the deeper mysteries beyond will
gather yet more near,
Awaiting a new and brighter dawn e'er they
shall disappear.

Just three years old ! and brought to church,
though she can take no share
In the praises rising to God's high throne, in
confession or earnest pray'r ;
Brought but to learn the reverence due to the
awful presence there.

Just three years old ! with folded hands, she
kneels when the others kneel ;
And surely the blessing which falls on them
may also gently steal
Over the innocent baby head, bent down in
mute appeal.

Argosy.

EMMA RHODES.

SPRING.

SUNSHINE streaming gaily,
Skies of deeper blue,
Crimson-budded woodlands,
Fields of greener hue,
Tell the winter-weary
Spring returns anew.

All is now forgotten,
As the wild-birds sing,
Of the biting north blast —
Winter's numbing sting —
And of weary longing
For the jocund spring.

For the vernal sweetness
Screens the darksome past ;
Light falls where the shadows
Erst were grim and fast :
In the life-ful present
All is joy at last.

Shouts and youthful laughter
Rise from out the dells
Where the runlets babble,
Where the primrose dwells,
Where the cups and daisies
Leave their winter cells.

Over hill and valley,
Through the meadows gay,
By the brimming rivers
Countless roamers stray,
Glad and sunny-hearted
As the sun-bright day.

Age and youth a-level,
Sage and wayward boy,
Feel the sweet heart-throbbing,
All the life and joy
Of bright April's bringing —
Gifts that never cloy.

Sunlight streaming gaily,
Rain in sunny showers,
Balmy west winds blowing,
Groups of infant flowers,
Hearts with pleasure beating
Fill the merry hours.

Chambers' Journal. MATTHEW GOTTERSON.

PRAYER.

BE not afraid to pray — to pray is right.
Pray, if thou canst, with hope ; but ever pray,
Though hope be weak, or sick with long delay ;
Pray in the darkness, if there be no light.
Far is the time, remote from human sight,
When war and discord on the earth shall
cease ;
Yet every prayer for universal peace
Avails the blessed time to expedite.
Whate'er is good to wish, ask that of Heaven,
Though it be what thou canst not hope to see :
Pray to be perfect, though material leaven
Forbid the spirit so on earth to be ;
But if for any wish thou dar'st not pray,
Then pray to God to cast that wish away.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

From The Quarterly Review.

THE ROMANCE OF MODERN TRAVEL.*

THERE are few things we regret more as life goes on than the inevitable blunting of our impressions and susceptibilities. Happily the process is slow if it is sure, and comparative indifference steals almost insensibly on us. It is only now and then that we acknowledge the sadness of momentary awakening to the loss of the freshness that can never be regained; but never perhaps do we look back on the past more regretfully than when the old associations of travel come back in some flash of the memory. Nor do we refer merely to travel in the body. On the contrary, every intelligent child begins his romance of travel with a climax, and comes steadily down through the wonderful to the commonplace. Before the boy has been advanced to the dignity of the jacket, he is far more of the explorer and adventurer than those who go groping for the pole among the ice-drifts in the darkness of the Arctic night; or who fight and trade their way through the "Dark Continent," among grasping Arabs and warlike aborigines. The realms of the world of fancy lie open to him, and he can travel them as unfettered by the conditions of humanity as any of the heroes of M. Jules Verne. He visits the valley of diamonds with Sindbad the sailor, believing as firmly in the roc as in the monstrous serpents. The treasures of the cave of Aladdin are as real to him as the silver veins of Nevada

or the coal deposits of Durham. He may have his vague ideas of the line that divides romance from reality; but the one will merge in the other as he revels in the enthusiasm of self-abstraction. The beginning of the disillusion comes only too soon as he catches the contagion of a more prosaic way of regarding things from those who are "moulding his mind." Yet the second stage in his reading is scarcely less agreeable, since he acknowledges already that it is more satisfactory, in that he betakes himself more seriously to a course of the trustworthy literature of travel and sport, though with the most implicit belief in travellers' stories. Indeed the books that are written professedly for boys seem to us to be superfluities if not mistakes. Fiction, of course, is one thing and realism another, and a boy may take excessive delight in some exciting story ingeniously adapted to his years and tastes. But what exercises a far more enduring fascination in him, next to the masterpiece of De Foe, is some spirited volume of adventure that has been intended for the entertainment of his seniors; and the proof is that he will revert to it again and again, remembering it when the extravagances of fiction have been forgotten. We can still turn to early favorites of our own with enjoyment that is very slightly impaired, partly perhaps for their permanent interest, but chiefly for old recollections' sake. There is Harris's "Wild Sports in Southern Africa," with those animated colored plates of the chase that were possibly the original attraction; the sportsman on a wiry horse, trained down by hard work and hard living, loading and firing behind the shoulder of the giraffe, who is leading him an awkward gallop over the broken ground through the mimosa groves; the elephant trumpeting as he turns to charge, in the foreground of a genuine south-African landscape; the white rhinoceros, enveloped in his hanging folds of ball-proof leather, standing savagely at bay in the thicket of "wait-a-bits," and the ostrich striding at full speed across the sands of the Kalihari. Nor were we less impressed by the odd trekking arrangements, where the inter-

* 1. *Eothen, or Traces of Travel*. By A. W. Kinglake. London, 1845.

2. *Visits to the Monasteries in the Levant*. By the Hon. Robert Curzon. London, 1849.

3. *Adventures in Mexico and the Rocky Mountains*. By G. F. Ruxton. London, 1847.

4. *The Bible in Spain*. By George Borrow. London, 1843.

5. *The Abode of Snow*. By Andrew Wilson. Edinburgh and London, 1875.

6. *Journey across the Western Interior of Australia*. By Col. Egerton Warburton. London, 1875.

7. *Adventures in Morocco*. By Dr. Gerhard Rohlfs. London, 1874.

8. *Bedouin Tribes of the Euphrates*. By Lady Anne Blunt. London, 1879.

9. *A Lady's Life in the Rocky Mountains*. By Isabella L. Bird. London, 1879.

10. *Six Months in Ascension*. By Mrs. Gill. London, 1878.

11. *Sunshine and Storm in the East*. By Mrs. Brassey. London, 1879.

minable team of oxen was dragging the lumbering wagon, with the Hottentot seated under the tilt in front, cracking his interminable lash of hide above the files of the horns. Nor was it merely the hunting feats of the mighty Nimrods that fascinated us. We could have passed a very creditable examination on contemporary south-African politics and the early history of the Zulu invasion; on the rise of Chaka and the revolt of Moselakatse. But "Harris," though a special favorite, was only one book among many. There were "Cook's Voyages," where the tattooed islanders in their war canoes, and the stories of their horrid cannibal feasts contrasted so strangely with the soft luxuriance of landscapes, where the feathering foliage of the cocoanut-palms was reflected from the translucent pools among the coral reefs. There was the narrative of Bligh's boat voyage after the mutiny of the "Bounty," where the nod-dies were torn into portions and swallowed raw as they were caught; and that of the sufferings of Byron after the wreck of the "Wager," when he staggered through the South American forests with mangled feet, weighed down under his burden of half-putrid seal-flesh. Somewhat later came the tales of north-African and Arabian exploration — of Bruce at Gondar serenaded by the jackals — of Mungo Park, revived by the water offered by the charitable negress — of Denham and Clapperton in the Sahara, and of Burckhardt in the caravans of the fanatics.

In anything rather than the sense of taskwork or effort the memory stored itself with the various knowledge more or less trustworthy that expanded the mind; and above all, in those days we never needed to travel unless we happened to be in the humor. It is very different in after life, when in place of travelling, as it were, vicariously, you set out upon wanderings on your own account. Then the pleasure of the journey, and its profit as well, become an affair of moods and accidents. You are the victim of those incidental worries that will vex you at the most inappropriate seasons. The sun is hot and the streets are ill-paved; the

custom-house officers have given trouble, or the dinner of the day before has disagreed with you; the midges come swarming into your gondola on the Grand Canal after sunset, or you are suffering from the symptoms of Roman fever which make you morbidly suspicious of malaria among the ruins and aqueducts of the Campagna. Still less may you find yourself disposed to the appreciation of the sublime and beautiful, when the jade mule is slipping upon a ledge that inclines to the dangerous grandeur of an abyss, or when each faculty is nervously on the alert in mountain gorges infested by robbers. Even if there be no conscious objection to rising to the occasion, and giving yourself over to the raptures or reveries appropriate to the scene and the circumstances, the imagination may refuse to answer to the call, though it has been prompting you for years to undertake the pilgrimage.

Still there are objects in art or nature, as there are occasions, which must almost inevitably strike the traveller with impressions that are indelible, and which become landmarks in the retrospect of personal romance — the first landing on the Continent, for instance, or even the first glimpse of its shores. Nothing can well be more tame than the mouth of the Maas, where the river sluggishly empties itself over a bar between dreary sand dunes. Nor was Rotterdam an attractive city in the days before the impulse given to its steam trade with the colonies had embellished it at the expense of Antwerp and Amsterdam. Yet we shall never again experience such a thrill of expectation, as when we strained our eyes through the raw morning fog to distinguish the dim outlines of the cattle, the haystacks, and the windmills. Nor can we forget the impatience with which we awaited our first introduction to the foreigner, which was duly gratified by the appearance of the pilot in his coat of frieze, dripping with fog-drops like a water-god from the Polders; and by the custom-house officials, with their china pipes, in their singularly inappropriate costume of flat caps and swallow-tailed broadcloth. Since then, there have been other moments that

stand out vividly in the memory, as we throw our glances back on the past; when the clouds cleared away from the peak of the Matterhorn as, walking up the Visp Valley to Zermatt, we had been expending our admiration on the grandeur of a "false peak;" mistaking it for the veritable summit; or, when sauntering into Burgos Cathedral before breakfast, we gazed up past the lofty columns and arches into the open interior of the tower, taken aback by a sublimity we had been altogether unprepared for; or, when on first making acquaintance with the Eternal City, we emerged from the black solitude of the Campagna to drive across the Piazza of St. Peter's, between the wide sweep of the encircling colonnades to the murmur of the fountains falling in the moonlight; or, when we saw Gibraltar and the Straits from the heights above St. Roque; or, when tumbling out of the berth to hurry upon deck, we saw the sun rise over the Nile Delta, with a sky that seemed streaked with blood and fire, casting its reflection over the sands and the Bay of Alexandria.

Impressions like these must be few and far between. Nor is it given to every one to command his time and go abroad in the search for excitement or emotions. Many men of impressionable temperaments are condemned to most prosaic existences; but the faculties of enjoyment may remain all the fresher, that they have never experienced personal satiety. These are the men who, as they cannot travel themselves, may follow the fortunes of travellers with the keenest sympathy; though, on the other hand, the sympathies may be at least as lively when you have actually visited the countries described, or have the intention of visiting them eventually. But the romantic side of travel must have its fascinations for everybody of intelligence, since it embraces the range of the habitable globe. And each country or separate branch of research has its especial devotees. Whether he is throwing out sledging parties in the direction of the pole, or searching out a north-east passage, like Nordenskjöld; whether he is slaughtering great game on the tributaries of the Nile, in the forests of central

Africa or on the jungles of Asia; whether he is pursuing his studies in entomology in the lagoons of the South American rivers among venomous insects who are taking their revenge upon him; or botanizing in the enervating atmosphere of the Spice Islands, where snakes and fevers are lurking among the ferns under curtains of parasites that shut out the daylight; or excavating in buried cities among Bedouins, who fancy he is digging for treasure; or pioneering new trade-routes over the Andes or the Hindoo-Kush—the adventurer may be sure that literary distinction awaits him, should he survive to publish the story of his labors. His name becomes a household word. He receives the right hand of fellowship from eminent savants; he is the guest of the season in London drawing-rooms; and possibly he may shine out as the star of the year at one of the grand gatherings of the Royal Geographical Society, where he is graced by its gold medal. If he only bring back the rough material, a literary friend may lend the polish; or, if he publish his plain, unvarnished tale, the variety of the incidents or the value of the information may atone for any literary shortcomings. His is the romance of travel, in short, and the surprises and sensations we receive as the truth are more impressive than anything that is avowedly fictitious.

We have assumed that the adventurous traveller may prove but a poor writer. As a rule, the case is generally the reverse; and very remarkable it is. The list of recent instances we might run over will readily suggest itself, and we should certainly be guilty of invidious omissions. Nor is anything more noteworthy than the advance that has been made in illustrations. If you are too indolent to make your way through the letter-press, you may often embrace the characteristics of a country in a panoramic survey of its cities and scenery. The sun has been pressed into the service of the author, and the fidelity of his reproductions is guaranteed by photography; so that the archæologist, leaning over his library table, may examine each stone and moulding in temples or monuments, which stand

in the solitudes of deserts or are hidden away in plague-stricken jungles. We may estimate more exactly the progress that has been made, by comparing the volumes of the last generation with some books of the last or the present season. Take the very tolerable vignettes in "The Crescent and the Cross," for example, or the views and the sketches of Oriental types in Curzon's "Monasteries of the Levant," and contrast them with Mrs. Brassey's "Voyage of the Sunbeam" or her beautifully illustrated volume on Cyprus and Constantinople.

The allusion to the books of Curzon and Warburton carries us naturally back to a style of which the accomplished author of "Eothen" was the originator. We may call it the æsthetical and descriptive romance of travel, and we say that Mr. Kinglake originated it, for though his work actually appeared subsequently to that of Mr. Warburton, we believe it had been in manuscript several years before. "Eothen" is a travelling classic; and therefore, though we believe it may have been somewhat neglected in the multitude of books of a later generation, we must not linger over the striking scenes that abound in the rides through Syria and Palestine; the account of the visit to Lady Hester Stanhope; the Rembrandt-like study of the kindling of the fire in the traveller's first bivouac on the banks of the Jordan, when "at last there was a clicking of flint and steel, and presently there stood out from darkness one of the tawny faces of my muleteers, bent down to near the ground, and suddenly lit up by the glowing of the spark which he courted with careful breath;" the first rest under the black tents of the Bedouins, when he became "the life and soul of the ragamuffin party;" the grateful reminiscences of his own tent-home in the boundless wastes of the desert, with the pathetically humorous lament over the dismantling of it in the morning, when the embers of the fire lay black upon the sands that were impressed with the mark of patent portmanteaux and the heels of London boots. No scene is more characteristic of his mastery in his own peculiar manner, than his graceful study of the maidens of Bethlehem.

Though "The Crescent and the Cross," is far less known to the present generation than "Eothen," we may dismiss it as briefly. Indeed Warburton's talent lay in the more ordinary gifts of a quick susceptibility to all that makes travel attractive, with a power of vivid de-

scription that not unfrequently rises to eloquence. Take, for example, his account of the massacre of the Mamelukes, and the escape of the solitary survivor. Of the evening meal and the night-quarters in the abandoned convent-fortress of the "prophet lady," where Kinglake had been received with Oriental hospitality; but where Warburton and his escort had to force their way through "tangled thickets of roses and jessamine" into a court where the clang of their weapons echoed through deserted colonnades, and the light of their fires startled the night birds. Or of the morning ride in Syria after sunrise, when the hoofs of the horses crushed the odors from the carpets of flowers, as the eye, ranging over land and sea, from the bridge-paths of the Lebanon, seemed to embrace half the beauties and the interest of Palestine. Or of an *al fresco* picnic like that in the ravine near Beyrout, under the cliffs of the Maronite convent, where "we dined merrily together on kid from the mountain, and omelette made with herbs that grew wild about us; the wine was cooled in the cascade, and the coffee mingled its pleasant perfume with that of the fire of aromatic shrubs on which it was boiling. Pipes, coffee, mountain breezes, wild-flower scents, superb scenery, sparkling torrents, neighing horses, the sea's deep roar, and a joyous party, made us think that the monks might have pleasant times of it after all, notwithstanding that this Eden of theirs was Eveless."

There was one great point in favor of those travellers of an earlier generation. They really "travelled" where we must be content to make tours. They wrote in the consciousness that each trifling incident of their everyday rides had novelty and interest for the readers; and indeed there was much that was picturesquely uncomfortable in their way of living. Even in cities like Damascus and Jerusalem those heralds of a new crusade had to throw themselves on the hospitality of monks or merchants, in place of riding up to the door of the hotel to be welcomed by a smiling Levantine; and they bargained for escorts and protection with robber chiefs, whose tariffs are now almost as much matter of notoriety as the charges of Messrs. Cook and Gaze. Since then the deserts and the holy shrines have been overrun in a rush of tourists, organized in flying columns, with a luxurious commissariat, who hold their course along the beaten routes like the locusts, destroying the lingering vestiges of fresh-

ness. The Lake of Gennesareth is vulgarized like Loch Katrine, and we are become as familiar with the views from Carmel and Tabor as with those from the summits of Snowdon or Helvellyn. But if Kinglake and Warburton have found imitators more or less able, who follow them in the well-worn tracks at a very serious disadvantage, Curzon, in "The Monasteries of the Levant," remains unapproachable and inimitable. It is a strange book by a remarkable man; an odd history of rash adventure by one who might have been set down for a bookworm. Bookworm he was not, in the ordinary acceptance of the word, but evidently a man of action and a man of the world. Yet not "Snuffy Davie" himself, immortalized by Jonathan Oldbuck, had so pronounced a mania for collecting, or more of "the scent of the sleuth-hound and the snap of the bull-dog;" and he lavished his gold pieces and rosolio with an intelligent profusion worthy of those wealthy and zealous enthusiasts who bid against each other at the famous Roxburghe sale. More than once, though he travelled with a well-filled purse, he left himself well-nigh penniless, tempted by some precious manuscript or missal. The excitement of the quest must have been extreme; the incidental dangers and hardships became considerations altogether subsidiary. Yet the manuscript-hunter had a ride with a slender escort through passes infested by brigands and disbanded irregulars. Again, he was scaling the sides of a precipice by ladders like those of Leuk in the Valais, though much more out of repair; or returning to earth, as the less perilous mode of descent, in a net gathered up at the four corners, which swung loosely at the end of a rope and pulley. In fact, from the convents at the Natron Lakes to those on Mount Athos, each of his visits was pregnant with such sensations as surely no bibliomaniac ever experienced before.

Chief among the pleasures of travel are its quick transitions and sharp contrasts, so we pass naturally from the romance of sentiment and literature to the romance of adventure.

Among the innumerable volumes of adventure that suggest themselves we recall none more representative than George Ruxton's "Adventures in Mexico and the Rocky Mountains," published more than thirty years ago. Why Ruxton undertook his expedition we cannot say. In the first place, of course, from sheer love of danger and excitement; but he

must have travelled with a definite purpose as well; and he hints that he was charged with an important commission from highly influential quarters. When he showed his credentials to the Mexican authorities — "greasers" as they were called in the vocabulary of the "mountain men" — all sombreros flew off, and the half-breed jacks-in-office grovelled in the dust before the Englishman. Be the objects of his journey what they might, there could be no question as to the perils and the hardships; and the nervous, vigorous style, in which he gives most vivid pictures of people, places, and incidents, seems to express the frank character of the man, with the imperturbable courage that bordered on recklessness. We are sorry, for our own sake, he should have survived so many hazards and carried his scalp safely from Durango to the head waters of the Arkansas only to die prematurely after all. Like "Eothen" left alone in the Suez desert, "he himself and no other had charge of his life," and, like "Eothen," "he liked the office well." It was nothing that he travelled alone through settled Mexico, an ambulant arsenal of rifle, carbine, and pistol, to the horror of his fellow-travellers in the diligences who were in the habit of resigning themselves like lambs into the hands of the *ladrones*. He met other Englishmen "bristling with arms." "*Valga me Dios!* what men these English are!" the natives used to exclaim. His troubles really began when he left the mining districts behind him; though there bodies of robbers, three or four hundred strong, were in the habit of mustering for attacks on the silver-trains. Thenceforward he carried his life in his hand, till he rode with horse and pack-mules, trained down to skin, bone, and muscle, into the outlying American fort on the prairies. The country was infested with Comanche bands on the war-trail. The fields and roads were deserted, and the inhabitants, in abject panic, huddled together in the towns and *presidios*. The solitary Englishman seemed a *loco*, a madman; and it was by something like miracle he escaped the savages. His sufferings from thirst were intense; and the rare springs and streams were the very places where he was most likely to be surprised by the stealthy enemy. When nearly exhausted by hunger, he hesitated to fire at game, lest the sound of the shot should betray him; and repeatedly he dared not kindle a fire to cook his venison, since there might be any number of wakeful eyes in the dark-

ness. There is a thrilling account of how he crossed the terrible "dead man's journey"—a stretch of desert where for nearly a hundred miles you never come upon a drop of water. The Mexicans, made desperate by misery, were almost as much to be dreaded as the Indians: and the premises of an American settler, where he had been hospitably entertained, were stormed a few days after his departure, when all the inmates were massacred.

Ruxton is one of our favorite travellers, and we are tempted to extract some of those descriptions of mountain scenery, which read to-day as freshly as ever, and are unsurpassed by any which we have met with subsequently; or to recount one or two of his adventures among the snow-drifts, when in desperation he sometimes "tempted Providence" as the last chance of escape from a terrible death. But one night's experiences we must give, as well to show what he had to endure, as to justify our predilection for his manner of telling it:—

The sky had been gradually overcast with leaden-colored clouds, until when near sunset it was one huge inky mass of rolling darkness; the wind had suddenly lulled, and an unnatural calm, which so surely heralds a storm in these tempestuous regions, succeeded. The ravens were winging their way towards the shelter of the timber, and the coyote was seen trotting quickly to cover, conscious of the coming storm.

The black, threatening clouds seemed gradually to descend till they kissed the earth, and already the distant mountains were hidden to their very bases. A hollow murmuring swept through the bottom, but as yet not a branch was stirred by wind, and the huge cotton-woods, with their leafless limbs, loomed like a line of ghosts through the heavy gloom. Knowing but too well what was coming I turned my animals towards the timber, which was about two miles distant. With pointed ears, and actually trembling with fright, they were as eager as myself to reach the shelter, but before we had proceeded a third of the distance, with a deafening roar the tempest broke on us. The clouds opened, and drove right in our faces a storm of freezing sleet, which froze upon us as it fell. The first squall of wind carried away my cap, and the enormous hailstones, beating on my unprotected head and face, almost stunned me. In an instant my hunting-shirt was soaked, and as instantly frozen hard, and my horse was a mass of icicles. Jumping off my mule—for to ride was impossible—I tore off the saddle-blanket and covered my head. The animals, blinded with the sleet, and their eyes actually coated with ice, turned their sterns to the storm, and, blown before it, made for the open prairie.

They drifted from the timber, stopping

short at "one little tuft of grease-wood bushes," whence no efforts could move them. Ruxton would have struggled back towards the cover himself, but the night was dark as pitch and he had altogether lost the direction. He had reached fire-wood, but could get no fire, since his frozen fingers could not use the flint and steel. He sank down behind the animals, and wrapping his head in the blanket, "crouched like a ball in the snow:—"

The way the wind roared on the prairie that night—how the snow drove before it, covering me and the poor animals partly—and how I lay there, feeling the very blood freezing in my veins, and my bones petrifying with the icy blasts which seemed to penetrate them—how for hours I remained with my head on my knees, and the snow pressing it down like a weight of lead, expecting every instant to drop into a sleep from which I knew it was impossible I should ever awake—how every now and then the mules would groan aloud and fall down upon the snow, and then again struggle on their legs—how all night long the piercing howl of wolves was borne upon the wind, which never for an instant abated its violence during the night—I would not attempt to describe.

When he woke in the morning from the stupor into which he had fallen, he had to extricate himself from a deep covering of snow. To the snow he probably was partly indebted for life. He believed himself that he owed his escape to the happy accident of having an enormous wooden pipe ready filled with tobacco. He chafed his fingers sufficiently to light it, when he "smoked and smoked till the pipe itself caught fire, and burned completely to the stem."

Another representative adventurer is George Borrow, but as we fancy that his "Bible in Spain" is much more generally read than Ruxton's book, we have less excuse for making any quotations from it. We can pay it personally no higher compliment than to say that in the course of repeated perusals we have nearly got it by heart. The very mention of the name conjures up a whole panorama of "effects" that chime in marvellously with our recollections of the Peninsula. The wild night voyage over the Tagus, when the gale was meeting the racing tide and the boat was almost gunwale under in the water; with the half-idiot boatman singing his snatches of royalist songs, and swearing he would not drown the Englishman if he could help it. The ride through the *dehesas* and *degradados* of Estremadura, under the guidance of "the fierce gypsy," Antonio Lopez, when he lay hid-

den in the daytime in hovels in the towns, or supped at night in the wilderness round the fire with malefactors who were at the moment flying from the police. That other ride from Cordova to the capital reminds us very much of Ruxton in Mexico; when Borrow escaped the brigands of the Sierra Morena because they had newly gorged themselves with booty; and the Carlists who swarmed over La Mancha because they shrunk from the intensity of the cold. Or the arrest at Finisterre, where he was nearly shot himself, mistaken by the Christino alcalde for the Pretender. As for the scenes in the famous prison of Madrid, and in the low drinking-shops frequented by bull-fighters and ruffians, they are as thoroughly racy of the soil as of the man, with their strange blending of the *picaresque* and the religious. It is difficult to analyze or to define the precise charm of Borrow's books. But as to their fascination there can be no manner of doubt; and we are half inclined to refer it to some such mysterious influence as made the "Lavengro" a snake-charmer and a horse-whisperer.

Under the head of the travel of adventure come the romance of sport and the romance of mountaineering, and very often the two are combined. Since the days of Harris and Gordon Cumming in south Africa we have had volumes of shooting adventure by enthusiasts from all parts of the world. Indian officers take short furlough and spend it in the unhealthy jungles of the Terai or the Wynaad; or they risk their necks among the ice-cliffs of our northern mountain boundary, after the goats of Kashmere or the sheep of Thibet. Even now that the buffalo has been nearly exterminated, or hunted beyond the Canadian frontier in the one direction, and down to the Camanche country on the other, there are Englishmen who still go after the "grizzlies" and the mountain sheep to the "parks" and "divides" of central northern America. Enterprise has ever been pushing towards the West, till it has met the pioneers of the mining and agricultural interests advancing with the railway engineers from the Pacific seaboard. There are railway junctions and thriving cities on the sites of the lodges, where Catlin sketched his "North American Indians;" and the prairies whither Washington Irving made his tour, and where Mr. Grantley Berkeley hunted many years later, are being laid out in those great co-operative farms which pass their ship-

loads of wheat through the elevators of Chicago. Since Lord Milton and Dr. Cheadle, not so many years ago, following the chain of the Hudson's Bay Company's posts, made the "north-west passage by land," to the British Columbian coast, sporting tourists, with their batteries of rifles and shot-guns by fashionable makers in St. James's, have traversed the "Territories" in all directions. Lord Southesk, Lord Dunraven, with several others — latest of all, Mr. Pendarves Vivian — tell us how they liked the exchange of the lodge in the Scotch deer-forest for the bivouac by the camp-fire; of the *cuisine* of a capable *chef* for hastily frizzled venison steaks, or short commons. For a lifelike narrative of wild shooting and Indian fight, by one who has seen many varieties of both, there has been no better work than Major Campion's "On the Frontier;" except perhaps the animated and singularly exhaustive "Hunting-Grounds of the Great West," by Colonel Dodge of the United States service.

A wonderful story, by the way, though of science rather than of sport in mountaineering, was that of the expeditions and exploits in the Sierra Nevada by Clarence King, the well-known surveying engineer. He shows how much may be effected by strong limbs, firm nerves, and a cool judgment, without the guides and the elaborate appliances for alpine work that are deemed almost indispensable in Europe. Frequently accompanied by a single companion, loaded besides, either with a knapsack or with what Australians would call his "swag," in the shape of provisions and scientific instruments, wrapped in a blanket, Mr. King pushed his researches over range after range, climbing peaks, crossing passes at extraordinary altitudes, scrambling somehow up and down the precipices of granite or ice that often were only accessible by "chimneys;" and dipping from the glaciers and snowfields into gorges and cañons, where the torrents were roaring between their rocky walls five hundred feet in height. His striking word-pictures are almost worthy of the scenery, and we can hardly say more in their praise. By way of showing the break-neck character of his "surveying," we are tempted to extract one incident as a specimen. He and his comrade had, as was frequently the case, landed themselves in something very like a *cul-de-sac*; the only way out of it was by ascending a pyramid of smooth blue ice, some two hundred

and fifty feet in height, and subsequently by surmounting an equally smooth granite wall that rose from the ice peak to the ridge they were aiming at. They stood on a narrow ledge above the ice and contemplated the ugly face of the granite—a face which, unfortunately for them, was unpleasantly devoid of features. "Here and there were small projections from its surface, little protruding knobs of feldspar, and crevices riven into its face for a few inches." Mr. King tried it and failed: he was stopped half-way by the impossibility of reaching a crack which was a couple of feet beyond stretch of his fingers. Next came Cotter, whose arms were longer. He made a spring for the crack, caught hold, and worked himself up till his breast got a purchase on the brink.

It was the most splendid piece of slow gymnastics I ever witnessed. For a moment he said nothing, but when I asked if he was all right, he cheerfully repeated "all right." It was only a moment's work to send up the two knapsacks and barometers, and receive again my end of the lasso. As I tied it round my breast, Cotter said to me in an easy, confident tone, "Don't be afraid to bear your weight." . . . I got up without difficulty to my former point, rested there a moment, hanging solely by my hands, gathered every pound of strength and atom of will for the reach, then jerked myself up into a swing, just getting the tips of my fingers into the crack. . . . I climbed slowly along the crack till I reached the angle, and got one arm over the edge as Cotter had done. As I rested my body upon the edge and looked up at Cotter, I saw that instead of a level top, he was sitting upon a smooth, soft-like slope, where the least pull would have dragged him over the brink. He had no place for his feet nor hold for his hands, but had seated himself calmly with the rope tied round his breast, knowing that my only safety lay in being able to make the climb entirely unaided—certain that the least waver in his tone would have disheartened me and perhaps made it impossible.

In Major Butler's "Great Lone Land" there is little sport and no mountaineering; yet we cannot dismiss adventure in northern America without a passing allusion to it. We know no more vivid picture of the solitudes of that great "prairie ocean" of which we speak. "In winter a dazzling surface of purest snow; in early summer a vast expanse of grass and pale-pink roses; in autumn, too often, a wild sea of raging fire. No ocean of water in the world can vie with its gorgeous sunsets; no solitude can equal the loneliness of a night-shadowed prairie; one feels

the stillness and hears the silence; the wail of the prowling wolf makes the voice of solitude audible; the stars look down through infinite silence upon silence almost as intense."

The frozen plains with the grim forests of pine, which stretch from the Saskatchewan towards the Arctic Ocean, have doubtless a solemn grandeur of their own; but over great part of them the white man has never cast a glance, and they are seldom visited save by hunters and trappers, bred to a life of unexampled endurance. The wildest portions of the chains of the Rocky Mountains and Sierra Nevada are rarely traversed except by adventurers. The railroads or highways are carried through the cañons or over *cols* of comparatively moderate depression. So it is also, for the most part, in the mountains of Europe. On the other hand, in the sublime highlands of central Asia, the only routes by which trade can be conducted lie across some of the loftiest plateaux in the world, and among scenery of surpassing grandeur, that always wears a wintry aspect. They are continually crossed in the way of business by merchants from the cities of central Asia, accustomed to the fervor of their summer sun; or from the enervating valleys of Kashmere, or the hot plains of the Punjab. There is little more thrilling in the romance of travel than the narratives of the Englishmen who investigated the trade-routes over the storm-beaten summits of the Hindoo-Kush—Forsythe, Shaw, Gordon, and Dr. Bellew—investigations chiefly undertaken at the time when the Khokand soldier of fortune, under the title of Atalik Ghazi, had established his rule in Yarkand and Kashgar, and was politically desirous of extending his commerce. The storm-beaten tracks are marked, like those in waterless deserts, by the bleaching skeletons of men and beasts of burden; and in place of caravanserais you have here and there some loosely-piled enclosure, which at least breaks the force of the tempest, if it offers nothing that can be called shelter. Those "byways of Asiatic commerce" show what men will risk for the sake of gain; yet travellers tell us that they have seen bales and baggage-animals abandoned, in the horrors of the autumn storms and the terrors of imminent death. It is the characteristic of that peculiar kind of mountaineering, that the travellers, instead of trusting to their feet, ride yaks or mules or undersized horses, as the case may be, picking their steps

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along the shelving ledges of precipices, through the fallen *débris* of rocks and boulders that choke the beds of the water-courses, or over the treacherously bridged crevasses of the glaciers. We might imagine that the most robust health was indispensable; and the last place where we should have expected to meet a half-crippled invalid in search of health would have been in the upper valleys of the Himalaya, between Chinese Thibet and the Indian Caucasus. Yet that was the trip undertaken by Mr. Andrew Wilson, when unable to walk far even on level ground; and the most picturesque account of mountaineering for pure pleasure in the Himalaya is given in his admirable "Abode of Snow." Now he was being carried in a dandi or *chaise à porteur*, up corkscrew paths over loose shingle, and round the sharp angles of precipices where literally there was scarcely footing for his bearers. Now he was compelled to descend, and pick his steps along the face of rocks which appeared from beneath to be absolutely perpendicular.

In this case the weather had worn away the softer parts of the slate, leaving the harder ends sticking out; and I declare that these, with the addition of a few ropes of juniper branches, were the only aids we had along many parts of these precipices when I crossed them. Where the projecting ends of slate were close together, long slabs of slate were laid across them, forming a sort of footpath, such as might suit a chamois-hunter. When they were not sufficiently in line, or were too far distant from each other to allow of slabs being placed, we worked our way from one protruding end of slate to another as best we could; and where a long interval of twenty or thirty feet did not allow of this latter method of progress, ropes of twisted juniper branches had been stretched from one protruding end to another, and slabs of slate had been placed on these, with their inner ends resting on any crevices which could be found in the precipice wall, thus forming a "footpath" with great gaps in it, through which we could look down sometimes a long distance—which bent and shook beneath our feet, allowing the slabs every now and then to drop and fall towards the Sutej till shattered into innumerable fragments.

Riding the yak for the first time must be an awkward experience for a novice. Mr. Wilson recommends any one who cares to have a notion of it, to "fasten two Prussian spiked helmets close together on the back of a great bull and seat himself between them." And the animal looks as ill-adapted as a brewer's dray-horse for the work he performs so

well, though with groans and grumbles by way of protest. "The sure-footedness and the steady though slow ascent of these animals up the most difficult passes are very remarkable. They never rest upon a leg until they are sure they have got a fair footing for it; and, heavy as they appear, they will carry burdens up places which even the ponies and mules of the Alps would not attempt." And assuredly no Alpine pony would have been equal to "the astounding performances of my little Spiti mare," as she carried her rider for a long day through the "Valley of Glaciers."

Never before had I fully realized the goat-like agility of these animals, and I almost despair of making her achievements credible. She sprang from block to block of granite, even with my weight upon her, like an ibex. No one who had not seen the performance of a Spiti pony could have believed it possible for any animal of the kind to go over the ground at all, and much less with a rider upon it. But this mare went steadily with me, up and down the ridges, over the great rough blocks of granite and the treacherous slabs of slate. I had to dismount and walk, or rather climb a little, only three or four times, and that not so much from necessity as from pity for the little creature, which was trembling in every limb from the great leaps and exertions she had to make. On these occasions she followed me like a dog.

Fresh from those American and Asiatic fields, coming back to Switzerland or Tyrol seems tame. Moreover, every one is more or less familiar with the doings of the Alpine clubmen among the "peaks, passes, and glaciers." Yet among the latest publications in Alpine literature we must remark on the fascinating and brilliantly illustrated volume which tells the story of Whymper's ascents on the Matterhorn, and of the determined siege he laid to the mountain, with the crowning success which was so sadly overclouded.

The romance of exploration and research in travel is so boundless, that we can barely touch a point here and there. The most suggestive of commentaries on the travel of research is to be found in the galleries of the British Museum, where we wander among the endless display of its memorials recovered from the cemeteries of old civilization. In the department of exploration, attention has been chiefly divided of late between expeditions of discovery to the Arctic seas and the achievements of the brilliant corps of adventurers who have been filling up the blanks in our maps of Africa.

There is excitement enough in the one case and the other; whether we turn to the ships beset in drifting pack and among icebergs, or to white explorers isolated in the middle of a continent where retreat may be more difficult than the dangerous advance. For ourselves, the sensations of exploration that strike us most forcibly are when the nerves are being strung continually to their extreme tension by a wearing sense of peril that is always present, whether in waking hours or the broken slumbers. In our opinion the most wearing ordeals that daring adventurers have ever gone through, have been in the parched deserts of the Australasian continent, where wells are few and far between, and only known to wandering natives. Among the many men of extraordinary resolution and resource, who have led what may be called forlorn hopes of exploration in the interior of Australia—without drawing any invidious comparisons between their efforts, their sufferings, and their successes—it seems to us that Colonel Egerton Warburton stands out conspicuous. He undertook to explore the unknown country between the settlements of South Australia and the seacoast of Western Australia. Knowing well the nature of the difficulties he might expect, although as it turned out they surpassed his most gloomy apprehensions, he had provided himself with seventeen camels and a couple of Afghan drivers. These camels saved the lives of the expedition, though they gradually broke down under intolerable privations, and fifteen of them died or were slaughtered for food. The long line of the route lay through the most inhospitable of deserts, covered generally with the prickly spinifex, which bears the appropriate name of the porcupine grass; and in these deserts, when the air was stirred by a breeze, it enveloped the little caravan in clouds of sand and ashes. The ground was not even tolerably level; the spinifex scrub clothed a succession of rolling sandhills, varied occasionally with dismal salt lagoons. The sun was scorching, and they welcomed the rare showers that drenched them. Poisonous flies persecuted them through the day; and from the hour of the start to that of their arrival, sound sleep was out of the question, owing to the small black ants that swarmed everywhere. With bodies lowered by starvation and parched by thirst, they lived in a state of chronic fever. Finally, they were compelled to take to travelling by

night; and thus, as Colonel Warburton complains in his journal, "When we move, we can't see: when we stop, we can't search." Yet their lives depended on the search for water; and when they came upon what passed for a spring, which meant the intermittent oozing of some filthy fluid, impregnated with animal and vegetable matter, they had to "keep touch" upon it, till they came upon another. From each of these involuntary stations they had to throw out exploring parties in quest of a fresh point of departure, though the waste of time exhausted their precious supplies. Latterly they kept body and soul together "on sundried slips of meat, as tasteless and innutritious as a piece of dried bark." The leader, an older man than his followers, and carrying the heavy weight of responsibility, literally broke down with thirst and hunger, and was borne along in a stupor, tied to the back of one of the camels. Yet Warburton's intellect remained clear, if not vigorous, and he was able to continue the entries in his journal. What can be more pathetic than the following, which expresses rather the bitterness of disappointment than mere bodily anguish? The marvel is that in all these circumstances a human brain should have stood the strain.

We are hemmed in on every side: every trial we make fails; and I can only now hope that some one or other of the party may reach water sooner or later. As for myself, I can see no hope of life, for I cannot hold up without food and water. I have given Lewis written instructions to justify his leaving me, should I die; and have made such arrangement as I can for the preservation of my journal and maps. The advance party has started again, and we followed till a little after sunrise, when our camels showed signs of distress and we camped.

My party at last are now in that state, that unless it please God to save us, we cannot live more than twenty-four hours. We are at our last drop of water, and the smallest bit of dried meat chokes me. I fear my son must share my fate, as he will not leave me. God have mercy upon us, for we are brought very low; and by the time death reaches us we shall not regret exchanging our present misery for that state in which the weary are at rest.

We have tried to do our duty and have been disappointed in all our expectations. I have been in excellent health during the whole journey, being merely worn out from want of food and water. Let no self-reproaches afflict any one respecting me. I undertook the journey for the benefit of my family; and I was quite equal to it under all the circumstances that could reasonably be anticipated—but difficul-

ties and losses have come so thickly upon us during the last few months, that we have not been able to move: thus our provisions are gone; but this would not have stopped us, could we have found water without such laborious search. The country is terrible. I do not believe man ever travelled so vast an extent of continuous desert.

The mystery in which the followers of the Prophet have always enveloped their rites and their holy places has naturally excited the curiosity of travellers. None but the true believer in Islam could pass the threshold of the "House of God" in Mecca, and look on the Kaaba and live, or on the water of the well of Zem-Zem. No less jealously guarded was the tomb under "the Green Dome" in Medina, where the Prophet lies buried in his own city on the sanctified spot where he gave his soul to Allah. Both cities were the headquarters of the bigotry which consecrated them and by which they flourished. The fervor of the devotees who had made the long pilgrimage from the utmost limits of the lands of the faithful—from the shores of Barbary or the khanates of central Asia—rose into raptures of frenzy as they reached their destination, and shook themselves free from the burden of their sins. There could have been no more grateful offering to the genius of the places, no more certain assurance of future felicity, than by avenging his impiety on some infidel dog, who had blasphemously imposed himself on the company of the believers. Each step of the pilgrimage was pregnant with danger among the keen-eyed companions of every hour, with whom suspicions might arise at any moment. It needed no ordinary resolution to string the nerves to the risks, where a mere oversight might betray one, or even the mutterings in a feverish dream. Burckhardt, we believe, was the first to attempt the adventure. He travelled in the character of a reduced Egyptian gentleman, converted from the Coptic religion to the true faith, and on landing at Djeddah, where his letters of credit were rejected, he found himself obliged to take up his quarters in a khan with only a few sequins in his possession. He made friends, however, and succeeded in his purpose, partly perhaps owing to the unprecedented audacity of the undertaking.

Captain Burton's venture reads even more romantically—at least we have it given with more picturesque fulness of detail. Alive to the dangers, he did his utmost to circumvent them by the com-

pleteness of his deliberate preparations. It was a Persian prince, and not an Englishman, who took his passage in the Peninsular and Oriental steamer from Southampton. At Cairo he went into regular training, educating himself among the inmates of the wakálah or khan. There the Persian, on second thoughts, transformed himself into a Pathan, passing for a man of rank under a temporary cloud; and the dervish Abdullah Khan travelled with Afghan papers. Through incessant anxieties and some narrow escapes from detection, all went well with him till at last he stood in sight of the Beit Allah, and struggled forward in the throng of devotees to press his lips on the Kaaba. We can well believe that "of all the crowd of worshippers who clung weeping to the curtain, or who pressed their beating hearts to the stone, none felt for the moment a deeper emotion than did the hadji from the far north." Though, "to confess the humbling truth, theirs was the high feeling of religious enthusiasm, mine was the ecstasy of gratified pride."

We should imagine that next to the hour of triumph, with all the ecstasy of gratified pride, must be the moment of inexpressible relief and satisfaction when the traveller could drop the disguise that had been painfully supported, and step back into the everyday world, with its ordinary hazards and trials. We realized that forcibly in reading the travels of Vambéry, who in 1863 made his famous expedition to Khiva, Bokhara, and Samarcand. It was before the progress of Russian conquest had in some degree broken the savage exclusiveness of the Turcomans. Since then we have had admirable books by McGahan, whose ride to the Oxus when he gave the Russian garrisons the slip, must always rank high among the romances of travel; and by Major Burnaby, who paid his visit to Khiva as an officer in the service of a power from which the khan might have something to hope or fear. Arminius Vambéry had to do by stealth what the others accomplished by open daring. He joined a caravan of mendicant dervishes from Teheran. Had he been detected his fate might have been worse than that of a false pilgrim to Mecca. The Turcomans, who are to the full as intolerant as the Arabs, seem to have been chilled by the winter temperature of their steppes into a cold malignancy of cruelty, and are proficient in the arts of diabolical torture. Happily Vambéry's comrades were

staunch, and, if they suspected him, were willing to screen him. Still he travelled in terror of some untoward *contretemps*. His occasional sufferings from thirst and fever remind us of those of Colonel Warburton; and the condition of his daily life for months was such as Englishmen cannot figure to themselves without shuddering. For with those worthy dervishes the depth of filth was the height of sanctity; and Vambéry, in the consciousness of acting a part, had rather to overact it in point of uncleanness.

Palgrave's wanderings in Arabia had commenced in the previous year. Without weighing risks or judging motives in other cases, we may give him credit for his courage and honorable conduct in making no secret of his nationality. Yet he sojourned among the fanatical Wahabees in their capital of Riad; and had ultimately to save himself from their pressing hospitality by flight. He too had his trials from thirst and sun-glare in crossing the deserts. As for the Arabs to whom he entrusted his life, he paints them in most unflattering colors, as cruel, faithless, and rapacious; and the leader of his first escort was a robber and murderer by profession. There is a graphic story of a march in the desert, when they were surprised by the deadly simoom. The Arabs faced it folded in their mantles, crouching low upon the necks of their camels; and though by a happy accident it struck them within a hundred yards of a tent, whose coverings of black goat-hair meant safety, it was a question for many minutes whether they should live to reach it.

Rae's "Country of the Moors" is an interesting book, especially in its notes of his visit to the holy city of Kairwân. But by far the most vivid sketches of life among the Moors, since Robinson Crusoe wrote the story of his confinement in Salee, are to be found in the "Adventures in Morocco" which gained Gerhard Rohlfs the Royal Geographical Society's gold medal. He started on his wanderings almost penniless, and was robbed of what little he possessed before he had well left Tangiers behind him. He thought of turning back, but decided to persevere; and he experienced all those quick reverses of Oriental existence which are familiar to us in the pages of the "Arabian Nights." Now he was the honored guest of the great sheriff, whose hereditary sanctity ranks him almost on an equality with the sultan, and whose possessions make him the second richest

landowner among the Moors. Now he was received condescendingly by the sultan himself, or established in comfortable quarters as physician in ordinary to powerful ministers of state or the governors of important cities. Now he had his marching orders at a moment's notice, and, without having time given him to pack up, was thrust into the saddle as he stood at the palace door, and despatched without even a wallet to his next destination. Again, he was travelling towards the Southern Oasis, poorly clad and almost as penniless as he set out, thankful for the coarsest fare and the roughest shelter, yet in the apprehension, poor as he was, of being maltreated or murdered by marauders. One of his latest adventures nearly proved his last, when he thoughtlessly showed his little property to an apparently frank and cordial host, and was waylaid at his next bivouac in the wilderness, half slashed to pieces, and left for dead. Rohlfs, like Burckhardt and Vambéry, professed himself a convert to Islamism; and he describes with considerable humor some of the penalties of his change of faith, as when his head was shaved with a blunt clasp-knife, though happily he escaped the pains of circumcision. At least by way of compensation he had the satisfaction of enlightening us as to a people and a country of which we knew very little; and we are introduced to a state of unchanging conservatism which takes us back to the times of Lockhart's "Moorish Ballads" and Washington Irving's "Tales of the Alhambra."

Place aux dames is a principle we should gladly have acted upon, but gallantry must give place to questions of chronology. We have perforce left four ladies to the last, who respectively represent the four departments of the romance of exploration, the romance of adventure, the romance of scientific travel, and the romance of luxurious travel. And it is in a natural train of thought that we pass from Palgrave among the Arabian nomads, and from Rohlfs among the roving tribes of the Sahara, to Lady Anne Blunt and her "Bedouins of the Euphrates." The account of her adventures is one of the most interesting of recent books of travels. As the granddaughter of Lord Byron, she has an hereditary claim upon our notice, and we can congratulate her upon the literary skill with which she relates her story. Not forgetting Lady Hester Stanhope and Lady Ellenborough, surely never was a more adventurous tour undertaken by any En-

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glishwoman. Since the days of Job, "the greatest of all the men of the East," and the times when Midianites and Amalekites carried fire and sword into Palestine, the great pastoral wildernesses to the east of the Hauran have been the haunts of the wanderers whose hand is against every man. To those who venture among them at the hazard of their lives, there is much embarrassing ambiguity in their manners and customs. You may be safe if you taste the bread and salt, or succeed in laying your hand on the tent-pole; but before passing under the safeguard of these symbolical rites, you may be slaughtered for your horses and weapons, to say nothing of other belongings. When Lady Anne Blunt and her husband were planning their trip, they naturally received warnings and discouragement from every quarter. Yet as they drew nearer to the limits of Turkish civilization, the difficulties and dangers began to diminish, and what had seemed material realities began to melt into phantoms like the mirage. The veteran, who was then English consul at Aleppo, cheered them with a decidedly hopeful view. The risk, he said, lay in meeting roving parties of the Bedouins; and he had long been in amicable relations with some of the heads of the Anayeh, and could consequently give his friends valuable introductions. Results fully justified his opinion, and the travelers never appear to have been in actual danger. Yet none the less was the undertaking a trying one to feminine, or, for that matter, masculine nerves. They had to elude the jealous attentions of the Turkish governors, and slip away from honorable durance. They had to pilot their own way through the trackless wastes in search of the shifting encampments, whose localities were but vaguely indicated by rumor. They rode down among the tents and announced themselves, taking the chance of being welcomed or ill-received. It was a time when the two great rival tribes were at war, the Turkish troops occasionally interfering between the combatants; and once they were guests in an encampment which was suddenly broken up on the eve of what threatened to be a bloody battle. That their journey ended so satisfactorily was owing partly to good fortune, greatly to good management. Mr. Blunt and his wife seem to have understood intuitively the feelings and thoughts of those capricious semi-barbarians, who are in many respects children of a larger growth. We are tempted to quote page upon page from

a story of experiences which are always fresh, picturesque, and original. As it is we must limit ourselves to one or two brief extracts, which may give some slight idea of the book and the Bedouins. Here is a tale of Bedouin chivalry, though we are sorry to say that, so far as we can gather, it is altogether an exception to the general rule:—

On one occasion Jedáan, with fifty followers, was surprised and surrounded at nightfall by a large body of Shammar, who, as the custom is in the desert, waited till daylight to make their attack. The Fedáan had little chance of escape, and were resigning themselves to capture and spoliation in the morning, for their mares were tired, and the enemy fresh, when in the middle of the night a man came to them from the Shammar with a message to Jedáan from Abd-ul-Kérím. He was riding a white mare, and the message was to the following effect: Abd-ul-Kérím, in token of their former friendship, sends his own mare to Jedáan, begging that he will ride her to-morrow. "She is the best in all the Shammar camp." Thus mounted Jedáan fought his losing battle the next day, but escaped capture, thanks to Abd-ul-Kérím's mare, his men being all taken prisoners.

A sight like this was worth some risk and trouble:—

An Arab march is slow, even when at its quickest, and in an hour or so we came upon the stragglers, and then upon the main body. We rode up a height, and from it saw the wonderful sight of twenty to thirty thousand camels, with a proportionate number of horsemen and footmen, converging by half a dozen winding wadys towards a central dell, in which the horsemen were gathering.

Or the still more imposing spectacle of the great camp of the Róala:—

We came upon it quite suddenly, as crossing a low ridge of rising ground we looked down over the plain of Saighal, and saw it covered, so far as the eye could reach, with a countless multitude of tents and men, and mares and camels. In the extreme distance, at least ten miles away, lay the Lake of Saighal, glittering white in the sun; and the whole space between it and where we stood seemed occupied, while east and west there was at least an equal depth of camp. We have estimated the whole number of tents at twenty thousand, and of camels at a hundred and fifty thousand, and at the sight I felt an emotion of almost awe, as when one first sees the sea.

And there is an inviting picture of the Hamád in early spring:—

At this time of the year, if the season is a favorable one, the Hamád is one of the most beautiful sights in the world, a vast undulating plain of grass and flowers. The purple stock,

which predominates on the better soils, gives its color to the whole country, and on it the camels feed, preferring it to all other food. The hollows are filled with the richest meadow grass, wild oats, wild barley, and wild rye, the haunts of quails; while here and there deep beds of blue geranium take their place, or tracts white with camomiles. On the poorer soils the flowers are not less gay; tulips, marigolds, asters, irises, and certain pink wall-flowers, the most beautiful of them all, cousins each of them to our garden plants. For it was from the desert, doubtless, that the Crusaders brought us many of what we now consider essentially English flowers.

Miss Bird's "Life in the Rocky Mountains" is a sequel to her residence in the Sandwich Islands, of which she gave us a charming account in her previous work. Her return from the Pacific led her into grander scenery than that of the plains of the Euphrates, and among people almost more lawless than the Bedouins, with outcasts even more addicted to gratuitous bloodshed. To do them bare justice, however, the roughest of the outlaws of the West treated the unprotected lady civilly and almost kindly. Indeed the most incorrigible of them all was absolutely chivalrous. "Mountain Jim," who had seen better and more innocent days, and had moved in a very different sphere in society, is one of the most striking characters in the book. He struck up a fast friendship with Miss Bird on first acquaintance, constituting himself her guide and protector in some of the wildest of her mountain excursions. This worthy had established himself in a lonely hut at the only entrance to Estes Park, and was the terror of the whole surrounding country. His looks and bearing were disagreeably symbolical of his habits. His face was handsome; but one eye was entirely gone, and the loss made one side of his face repulsive, while the other might have been modelled in marble. "Desperado was written in large letters all over him." Sober, he had—with a lady at least—the manners of a polished gentleman. When in liquor, he behaved like an incarnate fiend, or relapsed into moods of remorseful gloom, in which he was even more dangerous. It was under the guidance of "Mountain Jim" that Miss Bird ascended Long's Peak, or the American Matterhorn, which was perhaps the most exciting of her many adventurous expeditions, and which introduced her to some of the sublimest scenery in the western continent. The party took horses to the bottom of the peak.

The ride was one series of glories and surprises, of "park" and glade, of lake and stream, of mountains on mountains, culminating in the rent pinnacles of Long's Peak, which looked yet grander and ghastlier as we crossed an attendant mountain, eleven thousand feet high. The slanting sun added fresh beauty to every line. There were dark peaks against a lemon sky, grey peaks reddening and etherealizing, gorges of deep and infinite blue, floods of golden glory piercing through cañons of enormous depth, an atmosphere of absolute purity, an occasional fragment of cottonwood and aspen flaunting in red and gold to intensify the blue gloom of the pines, the trickle and murmur of streams fringed with icicles, the strange *sough* of gusts moving among the pine-tops—sights and sounds not of the lower earth, but of the solitary, beast-haunted, frozen upper altitudes.

She slept, or rather lay down, in a group of silver spruces at some distance from the fire.

I could not sleep, but the night passed rapidly. I was anxious about the ascent, for gusts of ominous sound swept through the pines at intervals. Then wild animals howled, and Ring (Jim's dog) was perturbed in spirits about them. Then it was strange to see the notorious desperado, a red-handed man, sleeping as quietly as innocence sleeps. But above all it was exciting to lie there with no better shelter than a bower of pines, on a mountain eleven thousand feet high, in the very heart of the Rocky Range, under twelve degrees of frost, hearing sounds of wolves, with shining stars looking through the fragrant canopy, with arrowy pines for bedposts, and for a bright lamp the red flames of a camp-fire.

Day dawned long before the sun rose, pure and lemon-colored. The rest were looking after the horses, when one of the students came running to tell me that I must come further down the slope, for Jim said he had never seen such a sunrise. From the chill grey peak above, from the everlasting snows, from the silvered pines, down through mountain ranges into the depths of Tyrian purple, we looked to where the plains lay in cold, blue grey, like a waving sea against a far horizon. Jim involuntarily and reverently uncovered his head, and exclaimed, "I believe there is a God!" I felt as if, Parsee-like, I must worship. The grey of the plains changed to purple, the sky was all one rose-red flush on which vermilion cloud-streaks rested; the ghastly peaks gleamed like rubies, the earth and heavens were recreated.

In contrast to the sublime in the poetry of nature, we may turn to a scene of the picturesque in the rude life of the stockman. Miss Bird, who had an admirable seat on a horse, and was able to tame apparently the wildest steed, had been invited by the Welshman with whom she

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lodged, to a cattle-drive, got up by the help of some of the neighbors. The scene of the drive was at the base of Long's Peak,

where the bright waters of one of the affluents of the Platte burst from the eternal snows through a cañon of indescribable majesty. The sun was hot, but at a height of over eight thousand feet the air was crisp and frosty, and the enjoyment of riding a good horse under such exhilarating circumstances was extreme. In one wild part of the ride we had to come down a steep hill thickly wooded with pitch pines; to leap over the fallen timber and stem between the dead and living trees to avoid being "snagged" or bringing down a heavy dead branch by an unwary touch.

Emerging from this we caught sight of a thousand Texan cattle feeding in the valley below. The leaders scented us, and, taking fright, began to move off in the direction of the open "park," while we were about a mile from and above them. "Head them off, boys," our leader shouted; "all aboard; hark away!" and with something of the "High, tally-ho in the morning!" away we all went at a hand-gallop down-hill. I could not hold my excited animal; down-hill, up-hill, leaping over rocks and timber, faster every moment the pace grew, and still the leader shouted, "Go it, boys!" and the horses dashed on at racing speed, passing and re-passing each other, till my small but beautiful bay was keeping pace with the immense strides of the great buck-jumper, ridden by "the first rider in North Americay," and I was dizzy and breathless by the pace at which we were going. A shorter time than it takes to tell it, brought us close to and along side of the surge of cattle. The bovine herds were a grand sight; huge bulls, shaped like buffaloes, bellowed and roared, and with great oxen and cows with yearling calves, galloped like rams.

We have preferred to let Miss Bird speak for herself; but, had space permitted, we would willingly have followed her in her various adventures, and told how she travelled through the country on horseback and alone; making light of the snowstorms and the snowdrifts in the bitter cold in the beginning of winter; and belated as often as not on solitary roads or rather tracks, far away from all human dwellings. Though she suffered severely from cold and hunger, she seems never to have given way to despondency, but on the contrary to have derived enjoyment even from her hardships. The mountain air was irresistibly exhilarating. Indeed the climate of Colorado, severe as is the winter cold, seems to be regarded as the last resource of the hopeless; and often it works wonders in cases that have been given over by Western physi-

cians. Not the least romantic feature in the romantic life in the mountains, is that you come everywhere upon invalids and convalescents reviving again to those worldly interests that had almost ceased to concern them: "All the careworn, struggling settlers within a walk have come for health, and must have found or are finding it, even if they have no better shelter than a wagon-tilt or a blanket on sticks laid across four poles."

Mrs. Gill's "Six Months in Ascension" gives in popular language and very lively style a romantic account of a scientific expedition. Her husband's object was to observe the opposition of Mars by way of determining the distance of the sun from the earth: an opposition was to take place during August and September 1877, and no such favorable opportunity would recur in the present century. The excitement was necessarily intense, and wrought itself up to a climax. Were accident, atmosphere, or ill-health to baffle the observer on a particular evening, the trouble and outlay would be wasted and his fond ambition disappointed. He would have to recognize, like the heroes of the romances of chivalry, that the adventure was reserved for another and future occasion. Accident, atmospheric conditions and failing health, all appeared to conspire against Mr. Gill. A heliometer was indispensable, and but one was available in England. The delicate and most complicated instrument was being satisfactorily tested in Burlington House, and Mr. Gill was complacently directing the workmen, "when slip! the screw gave out, the overhanging weight of the heliometer and its counterpoises tore the lower end of the cradle from his hand, and tilting upwards the polar axis, counterpoise weights and heliometer tube, in all several hundredweight, came down crash, from a height of seven or eight feet, upon the floor." The poignant anguish of the philosopher was soothed, as he satisfied himself that the vitals of the mechanism had escaped injury. Indefatigable exertions repaired the damage in time for embarkation on the fateful steamer. The perils of the surf of Ascension were safely surmounted, and the instrument was erected in a temporary observatory in the only town on the island. Then came the question of atmosphere. Each evening after sundown a malignant cloud obscured the quarter of the heavens on which their anxieties were concentrated. Happily it occurred to them that the aggravating eclipse might be local; and they

cluded it by shifting their quarters to the opposite side of the island. Meantime, owing in great measure to the anxiety and fatigue, Mr. Gill had been threatened with serious illness. Fortunately the spirit triumphed over the frailty of the body, and the attack passed away in time. Then came the eventful 5th of September.

I could write no diary and have not the slightest recollection of how I spent the day—unprofitably I fear, in watching and waiting; finally bringing on a violent headache towards evening, which was less painful, however, than the excessive nervous excitement I was endeavoring to repress. To-night Mars will be nearer to us, his ruddy glare brighter, than ever again for a hundred years, and what if we should not see him?

Clouds came rolling up over a sky that had been cloudless.

Six o'clock, and still the heavens look unclouded: half past six and a heavy cloud is forming in the south. Slowly the cloud rises—very slowly: but by-and-by a streak of light rests on the top of the dark rocks: it widens and brightens, and at last we see Mars shining steadily in the pure blue horizon beneath. It was now seven o'clock, and David called quickly for lights. Graydon, who was almost as much excited as I was, answered with his ready "Aye, aye, sir;" and in a few minutes I was left alone in a pitiful state of anxiety and unquiet. . . . At last I heard the welcome note "All right!" and then I went to bed.

Mrs. Gill rose to take the morning watch, and as the time for the important morning observation drew near, again the menacing black cloud had appeared, and one arm "was already grasping Mars." She was dismissed again to bed, when her husband relieved her, and

I was expected to go to sleep. But how could I? I took a book, and tried to read by the light of my lantern for a few minutes: then I thought to myself, "Just a peep to see whether the cloud promises to clear off." I looked forth, and lo! no cloud! I rubbed my eyes thinking I must be dreaming, and pulled out my watch, to make sure I had not been asleep, so sudden was the change. No! truly the obnoxious cloud had mysteriously vanished, and the whole moonless heavens were of that inky blueness so dear to astronomers.

Mars now out rivalled Jupiter in ruddy splendor. Orion had flung abroad his jewels like hoarfrost. The Pleiades glittered in such bewildering multitudes, that it seemed as if the lost Pleiad had returned with a train of shining followers from some other system. Like "fireflies tangled in a silver braid," they shone with a soft beauty, and everywhere, above and around, myriads of stars dazzled the night.

While my eyes drank in this beautiful scene, my ears were filled with sweet sounds issuing from the observatory. "A, seventy and one; point, two, seven, one; B, seventy-seven, one; point, three, six, eight," etc. Sweet they were indeed to me, for they told of success after bitter disappointment; of cherished hopes realized; of care and anxiety passing away.

If Mrs. Gill and her husband had their raptures in the hour of their triumph, they had suffered a good deal physically in the cause of science. Their mode of life on the island was a kind of revival of Robinson Crusoe. There is a most piquant description of their roughing it in the encampment at "Mars Bay," an isolated spot in the abomination of desolation, where the tents had been pitched among masses of clinkers.

There can be hardly a greater contrast than in shifting the scene from the tents on the volcanic cliffs of Ascension to the cabins of the "Sunbeam," in which Mrs. Brassey made the round of the world, and to those cruises to Constantinople and Cyprus, which she narrates in "Storm and Sunshine in the East." It is the romance of the luxury and sociability of travel. As for the luxury, which, by the way, is typified in the sumptuous volume with its profuse variety of illustrations—we may refer to the plates of the interiors of the dining-room, the stateroom, and the deck house. Captain Cook and the earlier circumnavigators would have opened the eyes of astonishment at the pictures and objects of art which adorn the walls, the ceilings, and the side-tables. For sociability, the genial owners, who were welcomed everywhere by everybody, reversed the common order of things, and offered as much hospitality as they received. To those who are proof to the sorrows of sea-sickness—though Mrs. Brassey herself is not among the number—the swift and commodious steam yacht is the most agreeable of all means of locomotion. The "Sunbeam" was the best of introductions to Orientals, whose fancies were dazzled by the novelty as well as by the richness of her fittings. The padishah himself was said to have set his affections on it; and the great ladies of the harem, who made *fêtes* of their parties on board, could not be too civil to its mistress. So we have emphatically truthful pictures of some of the "best society" of Constantinople; with the changes in its sentiments and circumstances that have taken place since the calamities of the war. We hear

much that is interesting of the extravagant caprices of the court and governing classes, of the progress of emancipation of the fair sex. So far the greater liberty accorded to the ladies, with the study of the lightest French literature among the most intelligent, has merely brought them to the stage of acute discontent in which they resent the restraints to which they are still submitted.

Though the yacht was admirably manned, and notwithstanding its master's seamanship, there were more than a dash of danger even in the Mediterranean cruises, and on several occasions it had narrow escapes. We are told, with an animation which makes us feelingly realize the scenes, how the "Sunbeam" was twice nearly sunk in collisions; and in the worst gale they experienced, when off the rocky precipices of Milo in the Greek Archipelago they ran through an ascending scale of sensations enough to satisfy the most blasé of tourists. Mr. Bingham's spirited pencil gives us a vivid conception of the situation in one of his exceedingly lifelike illustrations, which add greatly to the attraction of the book. Among his other sketches which have specially taken our fancy are "The Naumachia at Cyzicus," "The Last of the Eurydice," "Lying off Ryde," and views of some of the bold headlands in the Greek islands.

There is satisfaction in knowing that, notwithstanding all that has been done and written the romance of travel is unexhausted and inexhaustible. It is not only that countries like New Guinea remain to be explored; while communities like the populations of Thibet and China, wedded to their peculiar forms of civilization, still jealously resist the intrusion of strangers. But we must always have much left to learn of man in his moral aspects; and in the course of adventurous study we have barely penetrated beneath the surface of the idiosyncrasies and capacities for improvement of several of the races on the globe. It is the charm of travel seriously undertaken, that it not only, as Dr. Johnson expressed it, is "the gratification of a wise and noble curiosity," bringing its contributions to the general stock of knowledge; but that it may possibly be of benefit to the people we have been observing. In any case it must often be its own reward, by developing the manly virtues of energy, self-reliance, and firm endurance; and it is a hopeful sign of the future of an empire that hardships and dangers are more and

more courted by men who might abandon themselves to the life of the lotus-eaters. We respect the courage of such a "pioneer of commerce" as the late Mr. Cooper, who penetrated alone through the interior of China, and tried hard to force the barriers of Thibet, with the purpose of surveying new channels for trade. Yet we admire still more the ideas of "amusement" that send the heir to a great name and property to slave, on the verge of starvation, through the severities of a winter in the Hudson's Bay Territory. Lord Milton, with his companion, Dr. Cheadle, only extricated themselves by their indomitable "pluck" from the labyrinths of the apparently impenetrable forests, in which they seemed lost beyond redemption. Englishmen, and their blood-relations the Germans, have conspicuously the tastes and gifts of the successful traveller. The practice of travel is become a tradition with us, and we fear that the fancy for telling travelling-tales in print has been growing into a mania. Books, where the sparkle is chiefly on the covers, are multiplied most indiscreetly by men and women who have nothing or very little to say. But we can show a collection of the literature of travel of which we have good reason to be proud. In the present article we have not noticed a single work by those who are our great explorers *par excellence*; and the volumes we have referred to are but characteristic specimens among the unpretending narratives of personal adventure.

HE THAT WILL NOT WHEN HE MAY.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SPEARS entered the shop suddenly, before Janet had quite ended her astonishing address. If his dog had offered him advice Paul could scarcely have been more surprised. He was standing at one end of the shop gazing at her with eyes wide opened with surprise, and consternation in his mind, when her father came in. Spears was not so much astonished as Paul was. He saw his daughter standing in the doorway, her colorless face a little flushed by her earnestness, and gaining much in beauty from that heightened tint, and from the meaning in it. Spears thought within himself that it was true what all the romancers said, that there was nothing like love for embellishing a

woman, and that his Janet had never looked so handsome before. But that was all. He had come in by a back way, bringing with him the Scotchman, Fraser, who was to be one of the colonists, and therefore could not make any remark upon the conjunction of these two, or upon the few words he heard her saying. What so natural as that she should be found lingering about the place where Paul was expected, or that he should take her opinion, however foolish it might be?

"Come, you two," Spears said, good-humoredly, "no more of this — there is a time for everything;" and Janet, with a start, with one anxious look at Paul to see what effect her eloquence was having, went slowly away.

Paul had been profoundly astonished by what she said. He could not understand it. *She* to bid him remain at home! — she to ask him with fervor, and almost indignation, what he wanted to emigrate for! — she, her father's daughter, to remind him of those advantages which her father denounced! Paul felt himself utterly bewildered by what she said. There was nothing in his mind which helped him to an understanding of Janet's real meaning. That her severely practical mind regarded her father's creed as simple folly and big words, might have been made credible to him, but that Janet had a distinct determination, rapidly formed, but of the most absolute force, not to permit himself — him — Paul — to give up any advantages which she had the hope of sharing — that she was determined to taste the sweets which he had set his foolish heart on throwing away — no idea of this entered into his mind. Her warning look — the little gesture of leave-taking which she made as she went away, and into which she managed to convey the same warning — overwhelmed him with amazement. What did she mean? He might have thought there was some secret plan against him, from which she meant to defend him, if he had not had absolute confidence in Spears. Was it a conflict of generosity on her part to free him from the dilemma in which his mother's indiscretion had placed him — to put him away from the place in which her company might be a danger to him — to restore him to the sphere to which he belonged? For the first time a warm impulse of gratitude and admiration moved him towards the demagogue's daughter. He waved his hand to her as she went away, with a smile which made Janet's heart jump, and

in which indeed no great strain of imagination was required to see a lover's lingering of delight and regret as the object of his affection left him. Spears laughed; he saw no deficiency.

"Come, come," he said, "we have more serious work in hand. Leave all that to a seasonable moment." And upon the man's face there came a smile — soft, luminous, full of tender sympathy. In his day he had known what love was.

Fraser was an uncouth, thick man, short of stature, with that obscurity of grimness about him which sometimes appears in the general aspect of a laboring man. He was not dirty, but he was indistinct, as seen through a certain haze of atmosphere, which, however, from his side was penetrated by two keen eyes. He gave Paul a quick look, then, with a word of salutation, took his seat at the table, on which a paraffin lamp, emitting no delightful odor, was standing. As he did so, two others came in. One a lean man, with spindle limbs and a long, pale face, who looked as if he had grown into exaggerated pale length, like some imprisoned plant, struggling upwards to the distant light. The other was a clerk, in the decent, carefully-arranged dress which distinguishes his class, very neat and respectable, and "like a gentleman," though a world apart from a gentleman's ease of costume. The tall man was Weaver; the clerk's name was Short. They took their seats also with brief salutations. There was room around the table for several more, but these seemed all that were coming. Spears took his place at the head. He was by far the most living and lifelike of the party.

"Are we all here?" he said. "There are some vacant places. I hope that doesn't mean falling away. Where is Rees, Short? What has become of him? It was you that brought him here."

"He has heard of another situation," said the clerk. "His wife never liked it. I doubt much whether we'll see him again. He never was a man to be calculated upon. Hot at first — very hot — but no stamina. I warned you, Spears."

"And Layton — he was hot too — has he dropped off as well?"

"Well, you see, Spears," said the long man, with labored utterance, working his hand slowly up and down, "work's mended in our trade; there's a deal in that. When it's bad a man's ready for anything; as it was all the early summer — not a thing doing. There were dozens on us as would have gone anywhere to

make sure of a bit o' bread. But work's mended, and most of us think no more on what we've said. Not me," the speaker added; "I'm staunch. It's nothing to me what the women say."

"I suppose you have got the maps and all the details?" said the clerk. "If we're going out in October, we'd better settle all the details without delay."

Then there arose a discussion on the land that was offered by the emigration commissioners, which it is needless to reproduce here. It was debated between Spears, Fraser, and the clerk, all of whom threw themselves into it with heat and energy, the eyes of the grimy little Scotchman gleaming on one after another, throwing sudden light like that of a lantern; while Short talked with great volubility and readiness, and Spears, at the head of the table, held the balance between them. Fraser was for closing with the official offer, and securing land before they made their start, while the clerk held in his hands the plans of a new township and the proposals of a land company, which seemed to him the most advantageous. Spears, for his part, was opposed to both. He was for waiting until they had arrived at their destination, and choosing for themselves where they would fix their abode. He, for his part, had no money to buy land, even at the cheapest rate. To take his family out, to support them during the first probationary interval, was as much as he could hope for. The debate rose high among them. Weaver sat with his two elbows resting on the table, and his long, pale head supported in his hands, looking from one to another; his mouth and eyes were open with perennial wonder and admiration. Land! he had never possessed anything all his life, and the idea inflamed him. Paul had never taken any part in these practical discussions; he was too logical. If it was wrong for him to enjoy the advantages of wealth at home, he did not see how he could carry any of these advantages away with him, to purchase other advantages on the other side of the world. What right had he to do it? He sat silent, but less patient than Weaver, less admiring, feeling the peculiarities of the men doubly now that he had associated himself conclusively with them. The clerk's precise little tone, cut and dry—his disquisition upon the rates of interest and the chances of making a good speculation—Fraser's dusky hands, which he put forward in the heat of argument, beating out emphatic sentences with a short, square

forefinger, gave him an impression they had never done before. Short was a little contemptuous (notwithstanding the democratical views which he shared) of the working-men, and their knowledge of what ought to be done.

"With the small means at our command," he said, "to go out into the bush would be folly. You can't grow grain or even potatoes in a few weeks. You must have civilization behind you, and a town where you can push along with your trades till the land begins to pay."

"And how are you to make the land to pay without the plough, and somebody to guide it?" said Fraser. "I am not one that holds with civilization. Most land will pay that's well solicited with a good spade and a good stout arm. We'll take a pickle meal with us, or let's say flour, and the time the corn's growing we'll build our houses and live on our porridge. I do not approve of the government, but it makes a good offer, and land cannot run away. Make yourself sure of a slice of the land; that is what I'll always say."

"Land," said Spears, with some scorn in his tone, "that will be in the middle of a plain, or on the cold side of a hill. I put no faith in the government offer for my part, and a little less than none in your new township, Short. Did you ever read about Eden in Mr. Dickens's book? I object to be slaughtered with fever for the sake of a new land company. Here is my opinion. Take your money with you as you please—in your old stocking, or in bits of paper—I," said the demagogue, "feel the superiority of a man that has no money to take. I've got my head and my hands, and I mean to get *my* farm out of them. But let's see the place first and choose. Let's try the forest primeval, as they call it; but let us take our choice for ourselves."

Fraser, who had projected himself half across the table leaning upon his elbows, and with his emphatic, blunt forefinger extended in act to speak, here interposed, pointing that member at Paul, who said nothing. "What's he going to do? Hasn't *he* got an opinion on the subject? I'm keen to know what a lad will say that has the most money to spend, and the most to lose—and a young fellow for-by;" said the Scot, flashing the light of his eager eyes upon Paul, who sat half-interested, half-disgusted, holding his refined head, and white hands, and fine linen, a little apart from the group round the table. He started slightly when he heard himself appealed to.

"If it is a false position to possess more than one's neighbors have," he said, "I hold it a still more false position to take what ought to be valuable to the country out of the country. I have very little money either to spend or to lose, and I think with Spears —"

"Ah," said the Scotsman, "my lad, it's a frolic for you. You'll go and you'll play at what is life or death to us — and by the time you're tired of the novelty you'll mind upon your folk at home, and your duty to them. I've seen the like before. None like you for giving rash counsels. Not that you mean harm, but you know well you've them behind you that will be too glad to have you back. That's not our case — with us it's life or death."

"Hold your tongue, Fraser," said Spears. "This young fellow" — he laid his hand upon Paul as he spoke, with a kind, paternal air, which perhaps the young man might have liked at another time, but which made him wince now — "is in earnest — no sort of doubt that he's in earnest. He is giving up a great deal more than any of us are doing. We — that's the worst of it — are making no sacrifice — we're going because it suits us; but, to show his principles, he is giving up — a great deal more than was ever within our reach."

"A man cannot give up more than he has got," said the clerk. "What we are sacrificing is every bit as much to us."

Spears kept his hand on Paul's arm. He meant it very kindly, but it was warm and heavy, and Paul had all the desire in the world to pitch it off. He did not care for the paternal character of his instructor's kindness.

"I don't know what you are giving up," said Spears. "I have got nothing to sacrifice, except perhaps a little bit of a perverse liking for the old country, bad as she is. It takes away a good deal of my pride in myself, if the truth were known, to feel that after all the talk I've gone through in my life, it isn't for principle that I'm going, but to better myself. I told this young fellow he oughtn't to go — that is the truth. He has no reason to be discontented. As long as the present state of things holds out, it's to his interest, and doubly to his interest, to stay where he is. But this isn't the kind of fellow to stand on what's pleasant to himself. He's coming for the grand sake of the cause — eh, Paul? — or if there's another little bit of motive alongside, why that's nothing to anybody. We are not going to make a talk of that."

To imagine anything more distasteful to Paul than this speech would be impossible. Only by the most strenuous exercise of self-control could he keep from thrusting off Spears's hand, his intolerable patronage, and still more intolerable pleasantry. He got up at last, unable to bear it any longer. "We didn't come here to comment on each other's motives," he said. "Suppose you go on with the business we met for, Spears."

It was a little relief to get out of reach of the other's hand. He stood up against the narrow little mantelpiece behind Spears's chair. It was heaped with picture-frames, and the drawing which Spears had been making in the morning was propped up against the wall, and the great foxglove from which he had designed it lay in a heap along with the other flowers which he had rejected, swept up into the fireplace. A faint odor of crushed stalks and broken flowers came from them. They were swept up carelessly with the dust, their bright petals peeping from under all the refuse of the shop, dishonored and broken. Paul thought it was symbolic. He stood and looked — more dispassionately from a distance — at the rough, forcible head of the demagogue, and the countenance all seamed and grimy of the Scotsman, who was concentrating the keen light of his eyes upon Spears. The clerk, on the other hand, clean, neat, and commonplace, did not seem to belong to the same world, while the feeble, long head of Weaver was as the ghost and shadow of the other animated and vigorous faces. The light of the mean little paraffin lamp threw a yellow glow on them, but left in darkness all the corners of the shop, the large shuttered window, full of picture-frames, and the cavernous opening of the stairs which led to Spears's house, and filled the place with an odor which the accustomed senses of the others took no notice of, but which to Paul was almost insupportable. He had assisted at their conferences before; but however he had busied himself in the details of the meetings, however earnestly and gravely he had posed (to his own consciousness) as one of them, yet he had never been one of them. He had been a spectator, not an actor in the drama, little referred to, scarcely believed in by the others. And he had taken them calmly, as it is so easy to take those with whom we have nothing to do. But now that he was entirely committed to their society, now that he had burnt his ships, and shut every door of escape behind him, a new

light seemed to shine upon them. The smoky lamp, the smell of the paraffin, the grimy haze about Fraser, the feeble whiteness of the other, the little clerk, all smooth and smug, with his talk of capital and interest—Paul seemed never to have seen them before. These were to be henceforward his companions, fellow-founders of a new society.

Paul felt himself grow giddy where he stood. Their talk went on; they discussed and argued, but it was only a kind of hum in his ears. He did not care what conclusion they came to—they themselves struck him like a revelation. Perhaps if any other four men in the world had thus been separated from all others as the future sharers of his life, his feelings would have been much the same. Four dons, for instance. Suppose a group out of the common room put in the place of these workmen, would they have been more supportable? He asked himself this question vaguely, wistfully. Could he have put his future in their hands with more confidence? or was it simply that the contemplation of any such group as representing all your society for the rest of your life was alarming? Paul put this question to himself with a curious dizziness and sense of weakness.

The stairs, which have been several times referred to, went straight up like a ladder from the side of the shop opposite the door, and the upper part of it was of the most primitive description, mounting as through a large trap-door to the floor above. As he stood listening without hearing, seeing through a mist, Paul caught sight in the darkness of some one standing under the shadow of the stair watching and listening. The men at the table were closely engaged. They took no further notice of the young man whom they could not believe in as one of them. Even Spears, in the fervor of discussion, forgot Paul. He stood in all the freedom of a bystander, thinking his own thoughts, while his eyes rested upon the group, taking in the whole picture before him, vaguely as a picture; and it was at this moment that he became aware not only of a vague and shadowy figure, but of a head put out round the corner of the stair, with a dart and tremble of curiosity. It was the fair head of Janet Spears, with all its frizzes and loose locks. At first it was but a dart, rapid and frightened; then, as she perceived the absorption of the others, and saw that she had caught Paul's attention, she took courage. She

gave a glance at them as Paul was doing, but with a hundred times more conscious scorn, and then put all the contempt and ridicule of which eyes were capable into the look with which she turned to Paul, shrugging her shoulders at the group. Her next proceeding was to point to the door, and invite him, as plainly as signs would do it, to meet her there. Paul grew red, while he received these signs with wonder and alarm, and a curious kind of shamefacedness. Was it the strangest unpardonable liberty the girl was taking? or had she a right to do it? With rapid signs she gave him to understand that he must come out, and that he would find her at the door.

Janet had never been presuming; she had not been a coquette; she had done nothing to call to herself the attention of the young theorists who frequented her father's shop. But everything was different now, and she felt herself not only at liberty to point and make signs to Paul, but conferring a favor on him by so doing. He was sick of the consultation in which he did not care to take any part, and weary at heart of all the strange events that were passing over him. And the paraffin was very disagreeable. Why should he not obey Janet's signs, and go and meet her outside? It could not fail to be better than this. After a few moments of struggle with himself, Paul announced quietly that he was going.

"My presence can make no difference," he said.

They scarcely heard this, so busy were they with their argument. No Rembrandt could have surpassed the curious group of heads set in the surrounding darkness with the light of the lamp so fully upon them, and all so intent and full of living interest. Spears turned round and gave him a good-humored nod as he went away. He was half vexed to be deserted. Yet he smiled—was it not natural? Outside, though it was a little bye-street, and not immaculate, the air was sweeter than in that atmosphere of paraffin; but it was with a curious sense of humiliation and surprise at his own position, that Paul saw Janet's dark, slim figure stealing out at another door. That he should meet a girl under the light of a lamp, jostled by passers-by, remarked upon as Janet Spears's lover, seemed something incredible. Yet he was doing it; he scarcely could tell why. She came stealing close up to him, with just the attitude and gesture he had seen in other humble pairs of love-

makers, and Paul could not help wondering, with a sharp sting of self-scorn, whether he was as like the ordinary hero of such encounters as she was like the heroine. Janet came up to him however with all the fervor of a purpose. She put out her hand, and gave a touch to his arm.

"Did you hear what I said?—did you think what I was saying?" she asked. "Father came just when he wasn't wanted. Perhaps you'll think me a bold girl to call you out here; but it's for your good. Oh Mr. Paul, don't listen to all that nonsense. What should you go away for? You're a deal better off here than you ever would be there. Father may have some excuse. He thinks, I suppose, as he's getting old, and as it would be better for me and the girls to be out there. I don't think so. I'd rather be anything at home. I'd rather take a situation. Still, father has an excuse. But you—what do you want among men like them?—you that are a gentleman. You never could put up with them. I can't. And why should you go?—think a moment—why should you go?"

"It is very good of you to interest yourself about me," said Paul, feeling himself so much stiffer and more solemn than he had ever been before, "but I have chosen with my eyes open. I have done what I thought best."

"Oh of course I interest myself in you. Who should I interest myself in?" cried Janet, "above everything! And that is why I say don't meddle with them; don't have anything to do with them. Oh, when you have a father that will give you whatever you like; when you have your pockets full of money; when, if you just wait a little, you will have a title, and everything you could wish,—*why* should you go a long sea voyage, and mix yourself up with a parcel of working men? *Why?*" cried Janet with a wonderment that was slightly mingled with scorn, yet was impassioned in its vehemence. "I would not demean myself like that, not for all the world."

Paul stood and looked at her almost moved to laughter by the strangeness of the position. Spears's daughter! but the laughter would not have been sweet. That strange paradox, and the still stranger one of his own meeting with his supposed love under the lamp-post, filled him with the profoundest mortification, wonder, and yet amusement. It seemed beyond the power of belief, and yet it was true.

CHAPTER XXV.

SIR WILLIAM was better when he got home. When he reached his own house he began to hold up his head, to hold himself, if not erect as of old, yet in a way more like himself. He walked firmly into the house, always with Fairfax's arm, and said, "I am better, Brown: yes, much better," when Brown met him, very anxious and effusive, at the door. "I feel almost myself," he said, turning round to Lady Markham. And so he looked—himself ten years older, but yet with something of the old firmness and precise composure. How he could thus recover, though the letter in his pocket-book bore the postmark of Markham Royal, and he had thus come back into the very presence of the danger which at a distance had overwhelmed him, it would be difficult to tell. "He's picked up wonderful," Mr. Jarvis, Sir William's own man, said to Mr. Brown; "but for all that, he's got notice to quit, he have. Just see if I ain't right." Mrs. Fry was of the same opinion when she saw her master. She had never had any comfort in her mind, she declared, since she heard of these faintings. All the Markhams went like that. The late Sir Paul had done just the same—nothing to speak of at first, and nobody alarmed—but it was a thing that went fast, that was, Mrs. Fry said. They were all very gloomy about Sir William down-stairs, but in the family there was no such alarm. He put away his trouble, or rather, as he emerged out of the suffering of his attack into physical comfort again, and no longer felt the blood ebbing, as it were, from his heart, and consciousness failing in the giddy void into which he had seemed to sink, nature in him declined to remember it, turned away from it. The familiar house, the waving of the woods, the stately quiet about him, healed him, and he would not allow himself to be pulled back. He came to dinner, and occupied his place as usual, looking really, his wife and daughter thought, almost quite himself. This almost made up to them, poor ladies, for the moment, for all that it had cost them to leave Oxford in such melancholy uncertainty about Paul.

But there was one of the party who was not at his ease. Fairfax, who had come away on the spur of the moment without any provision for a visit, and who felt his presence here to be mere accident, nothing more, scarcely knew

what to do or say. After he had helped Sir William up-stairs on their arrival, he came to Lady Markham, confused yet smiling, with his hat in his hand. "I must take my leave now. I hope Sir William will go on mending, and no longer have need of my arm for a walking-stick."

"Your leave!" said Lady Markham, "what does that mean? Do you think after taking the use of you all the way here that I am going to let you go away without making acquaintance with Markham? No, no; you are going to stay."

"I came as a walking-stick," said the young man, "and I have brought nothing," he added, laughing. "That is the disadvantage of a walking-stick which is human, which wants tooth-brushes and all kinds of things. Besides, I am of no further use. Sir William is better, and there are shoals of men here."

"You make us out to be pleasant people," said Lady Markham, "getting rid of our friends as soon as we have need of them no longer. That will never do. You must send for your things, and in the mean time there is Paul's wardrobe to fall back upon. He always leaves a number of things here."

"But" — said Fairfax, flushing very deeply. He was not handsome, like Paul. There was a look of easy good-humor, kindness, sympathy about him, a desire to please, a readiness to be serviceable. He had brown eyes, which were clear and kind; brown hair, crisp and curling; a pleasant mouth; but nothing in his features or his aspect that could be called distinguished. Pleasure, embarrassment, difficulty, a desire to say something, yet a reluctance to say it, were all mingled in his face; but the pleasure was the strongest. He gave an appealing look at Alice, as if entreating her to help him out.

"I want no buts," said Lady Markham. "I want to go to Sir William, and you are detaining me with a foolish argument which you know you cannot convince me by. Send for your things, and Brown will show you your room, and we can talk it all over," she said, smiling, "as soon as your portmanteau is here."

Fairfax made her an obeisance as he might have done to a queen. He stood with his hat in his hand and his head bowed while she passed him going out of the room. Every young man, it is to be supposed, has some youthful feminine ideal in his mind, but to Fairfax Lady

Markham was a new revelation. He knew, if not by experience, yet from all the poets, that there were creatures like her daughter in the world; that they were the flower and blossom of humanity, supposed to be the most beautiful things in life; but the next step from the Alices of creation was into a darkness he knew nothing of. Age, or a youth that was pretended, false, and disgusting, swallowed up all the rest. A mother (he had never known his own) was an old stager or an old campaigner, a dragon or a matchmaker, the gaoler or the executioner of the girl, the greatest danger to all men; scheming with deadly wiles to get rid of their daughters; then, in the terrible capacity of mother-in-law, using all their wiles to get the girls who had escaped from them back, and make the lives of their husbands miserable. This is the common Englishman's conception of all women who are not young, and Fairfax was no worse than his kind. He had never known his own mother, and the name was not sacred to him. But when Lady Markham came within his ken the young man was bewildered. He could understand Alice, but he could not understand the woman who was so beautiful and gracious, and yet Markham's mother. She dazzled him, and filled him with shame and generous compunction. Her very smile was a fresh wonder. He was half afraid of her, and to disobey or rebel against her seemed to him a thing impossible. The revelation of this mother even changed the character of his relations with Alice, for whom, on the first sight of her, the natural attraction of the natural mate, the wondering interest, admiration, and pleasure — which, if not love, is the first beginning of the state of love — had caught him all at once. The mother brought a softening as of domestic trust and affection into this nascent feeling. Alice was brought the nearer to him, by some inexplicable magic, because of the dazzling superiority of this elder unknown princess, whose very existence was a miracle to him. When Lady Markham had gone out, with a smile and gracious bend of her head in answer to his reverential salutation, Fairfax came back to Alice with a certain awe in his look, which was half contradicted, half heightened, by the wavering of the smile upon his face, in which there mingled something like amusement at his own sense of awe.

"Miss Markham, may I ask your advice?" he said.

"You are frightened at mamma," said Alice, with a soft laugh. "Oh, but you need not! She is as kind — as kind — as if she were only old nurse," Alice said, in despair of finding a better illustration.

"Don't be profane!" cried Fairfax, with uplifted hands. "Yes, I am frightened. I never knew that anybody's mother would be like that. But, Miss Markham, will you give me your advice?"

"Is your mother — not living, Mr. Fairfax?"

"She never has been for me — she died so long ago; I am afraid I have never thought much about her. Ought I to stay, Miss Markham?" He raised his eyes to her with a piteous look, yet one that was half comic in its earnestness, and a sudden blush, unawares, as their eyes met, flamed over both faces. For why? How could they tell? It was so, and they knew no more.

"Surely," Alice said; "mamma wishes it, and we all wish it. After showing us so much kindness, you would not go away the moment you have come here?"

"But that is not the question," said Fairfax. "The fact is, I am nobody. Don't laugh, or I shall laugh too, and I am rather more disposed to cry. I have a tolerable name, haven't I? but, alas! it does not mean anything. I don't know what it means, nor how we came by it. I am one of the unfortunate men, Miss Markham, who — never had a grandfather."

Alice had been waiting with much solemnity for the difficulty which made him so profoundly grave (yet there was a twinkle, too, which nothing but the deepest misfortune could quench, in the corner of his eye). When this statement came, however, she was taken with a sudden fit of laughter. Could anything be more absurd? And yet in her heart she felt a sudden chill, a sense of horror. Alice would not have owned it, but this was a terrible statement for any young man on the verge of intimacy to make. No grandfather! It was a misfortune she could not understand.

"At least, none to speak of," he said, the fun growing in his eyes. "You should not laugh, Miss Markham. Don't you think it is hard upon a man? To come to an enchanted palace, where he would give his head to be allowed to stay, and to feel that for no fault of his, for a failure which he is not responsible for, which can be

laid only to the score of those ancestors who did not exist —"

"Mr. Fairfax, no one was thinking of your grandfather."

"I know that; but, dear Miss Markham, you know very well that to-night, or to-morrow night, or a year hence, your mother, before whom I feel disposed to go down upon my knees, will say with her smile, 'Are you of the Norfolk Fairfaxes, or the Westchester family, or —' And I, with shame, will begin to say, 'Madam, of no Fairfaxes at all.' What will she think of me then? Will not she think that I have done wrong to be here — that I had no right to stay?"

"Oh, Mr. Fairfax!" cried Alice, somewhat pale and troubled; "how can I advise you? Mamma is not a fanatic about family. She does not build upon it to that extent. I do not see why she should ever ask you. It is no business of ours." Alice was not strong enough to have such a tremendous question thrown upon her to decide. As a matter of fact, she knew that her mother would very soon make those inquiries about the Westchester family and the Norfolk Fairfaxes. Already Lady Markham had indulged in speculations on the subject, and had begun to remember that in the one case she "used to know" a cousin of his, and in the other had met his uncle, the ambassador, and saw a great deal of him once in Paris. She grew quite pale, and her eyes puckered up and took the most anxious aspect. Besides, it was a shock to herself. That absence of a grandfather was a want which was almost indecent. She did not understand it, and she was extremely sorry for him. He had no home then — no house that his people had lived in for ages — no people. Poor boy!

And Fairfax's countenance also fell, in reflection of hers. However deep may be one's private consciousness of one's own deficiencies, there is always a little expectation in one's mind that other people will make light of them; but when you see your own dismay, and more than your own dismay, in the eyes of your counsellor, then is the moment when you sink into the abyss. His lip quivered for a moment, and though it eventually succeeded in forming itself into a smile, the smile was very tremulous and uncertain.

"I see," he said; "no need for another word. Good-bye. I have had a glimpse into — the garden of Eden, though I must not stay."

"Mr. Fairfax!" cried Alice, as he turned away. "Come back — come back this moment! How dare you take me up so? Do you want to get me into trouble," she cried, half crying, half laughing, "with mamma? Would you like to have her — beat me?"

"She does so sometimes?"

"To be sure," cried Alice, with an unsteady laugh. "Oh, Mr. Fairfax, what a fright you have given me! You have made my heart beat!"

"Not so much as mine," he said. They had their laugh, and then they stood once more looking at each other. "It is all very well," said the young man, "you want to spare my feelings; you would not hurt any one. But beyond that, you know as well as I do that Lady Markham, knowing who I am, would not like to have me here."

"Who are you?" said Alice, with a little renewed alarm, and in her mind she tried to remember whether there had been any trials in the papers, any criminals who bore this name.

"I am nobody at all," said Fairfax. "I haven't even the distinction of being improper, or belonging to people who have made themselves notable either for evil or good. I am nobody. That is precisely what I want Lady Markham to understand."

"I think, Mr. Fairfax," said Alice, "you had better go and send for your things, as mamma said."

"You think I may?"

He looked at her with eyes full of pleasure and gratitude, putting more meaning into her words than they would bear, and getting a thrill of conscious happiness out of the little arbitrary tone which, half in jest and half to hide her real doubts, Alice put on. He was so glad to obey, to say to himself that it was their own doing and that they could not blame him for it, so happy to be made to remain, as he persuaded himself. The children rushed in as he went away, to obey what he called to himself the order he had received, eager to know who he was, and making a hundred inquiries about all kinds of things — about papa's illness, why he looked so grey, and what was the matter with him; about Paul, why he did not come home; about Mr. Fairfax, who he was, what he was, what he was doing there, whether he was going to stay. There was scarcely a question that could be put on these subjects which these ingenuous children did not ask; and Alice

was glad finally to suggest that they should walk to the village with Mr. Fairfax and show him where the post-office was, that he might telegraph for his portmanteau. They were quite willing to take this on themselves. "We shall be sure to see the little gentleman," Bell said. "Who is the little gentleman?" asked Alice; but she had so many things to think of that she did not pay any attention to the reply, which was made by all the four voices at once. What did it matter? She had a hundred things so much more important to think of.

And when the children had been sent off, forming a guard of honor about Fairfax, cross-examining him to their hearts' content, and in their turn communicating much information which was quite novel to him, Alice thought she was very glad of the quiet and the interval of rest. Sir William was resting, declaring himself much better; and Lady Markham, in the relief of this fact, was lying down on the sofa, getting half-an-hour's doze after her sleepless night. Alice had not slept much more than her mother, but she could not doze. After a while a sensation of regret stole into her mind that she had not accompanied the others. There was a soft breeze blowing among the trees which freshened the aspect of nature, and the sky was blue and tender, doubly blue after the smoky half-color of a town. Alice sat by the window and watched the flickering of the leaves, and wished she had gone with them. Something seemed wanting to her. To be alone and free to rest, did not seem the privilege she had thought it. She wanted — what? Some one to speak to, some one's eyes to meet hers. The leaves rustled and seemed to call her; the little breeze came and whispered at the edge of the window, blowing the lace curtains about. All the world invited her, wooed her to go out into the fresh air, into the green avenue, into the joyful yet silent world. "The air would have done me good," Alice said to herself; and her voice came back to her out of the silence as if it had been somebody else's voice. Then by degrees it came into her head that the air would still do her good if she went out now, which somehow did not exactly hit her wishes. After this, however, it occurred to her that to stroll down the avenue and meet them as they came back would not be amiss, and much comforted by this suggestion she ran to get her hat. Would they want her, or would

they ask her loudly why she came out now, when nobody wanted her? Brothers and sisters under fourteen are apt to express opinions of this sort very plainly. Alice felt angry at the idea, but afterwards melted, and represented to herself that to meet them in the avenue was of all the courses open to her the best.

Sir William was able to come downstairs to dinner, which was more than any one had hoped, and after dinner he came into the drawing-room with the ladies, and saw the children, as he had always been in the habit of doing, while he took his coffee. A recovery of this kind from a sudden fit of illness has often the most softening and happy effect. He had a great deal of care on his mind, but the sensation of getting better seemed to chase it all away. He seemed to be getting better of that, to be getting over it, before it ever came to anything. Had he been in his usual condition he would have known very well that he had got over nothing, that it was all waiting for him round the corner of the very next day, or even hour; but Sir William convalescent was not in his usual state of mind. He felt as if he had got over it, as if it all lay behind him—the perplexity, and the trouble, and alarm. He sat in his great chair, with cushions placed about him, looking so much older, and so much softer, more indulgent and more talkative. A kind of garrulousness had come upon him. He told his children stories of his own childhood. He was not put out by their restlessness, by their interruptions, as he generally was. Never had he been so gentle, so amiable. He told them all about an adventure of his in the woods with his brothers, when he had been about Roland's age. It was like the story of old Gower in the gun-room to the little Markhams; they knew exactly when to laugh, and what questions to ask to show their interest, and they conducted themselves with the greatest propriety, not even putting him right when he deviated from the correct routine of the story, which they remembered better than he did. It was only after this wonderful tale was over that Bell made the unfortunate remark which brought a new transformation. How should the child know there was any harm in it? "Oh," she cried, suddenly, "look, Harry! look, Marie! As papa sits there, now! Did you ever see anything so like the little gentleman?" And Bell clasped her hands together in admiring contemplation of this strange fact.

There was a pause. Had it not been for the entire ignorance of the cosy household, calm, and fearing no evil, it might have been thought that a shiver ran through the air as this crisis suddenly developed itself out of the quiet; every one was quite still. They all looked at the child with amused curiosity—all but one. And though there was nothing meant by it the effect was strange. It was left to Sir William to speak, which he did in a clear, thin voice, suddenly become judicial and solemn.

"Whom do you mean by the little gentleman, Bell?"

"Oh, he is a relation—he told us so," said the little girl.

"And he has brought me some sweetmeats from abroad—me!—though he didn't know my name. What sort of things would you call sweetmeats, mamma?"

"And he is living down at the Markham Arms. We saw him to-day. He jumped into the railway carriage with Dolly Stainforth."

"Oh, but I saw him come back—following the carriage," cried Roland. "He stood at the station-gate to see you pass, papa, and looked so sorry. That was him, Alice, that stopped us when we went to the village with Mr. Fairfax. You saw him. He wanted to shake hands all round."

The pause now, after this clamor of voices, was more curious than ever. Lady Markham began to wonder a little.

"A relative!—who could it be?" "Do you know of any relative who would not have come to us straight? I do not think it could be a relation. You must have made a mistake."

"Oh, no; we have not made any mistake," cried the children with one voice. "Besides, he was such friends with us. He promised to give us quantities of things; and then he is like papa."

"I don't think Sir William is well," said Fairfax, hurriedly. He rose up with an exclamation of terror, and Lady Markham sprang to her feet and rushed to her husband's side.

"I am feeling—a little faint," he said, in a half-whisper, with a tremendous attempt to regain command of himself; but it failed. His head drooped, his eyelids quivered, and then lay half closed upon the dim languor underneath that had lost all power of seeing; the breath labored, and came in gasps from his pale lips. All the sudden recovery in which they had been so happy was over.

Alice put the children hastily out of the room, like a flock frightened, as she ran to call Jarvis, to get what was necessary, to send for the village doctor. The boys and girls got together into a corner of the hall and cried silently, clinging together in fright and sorrow; or at least the girls cried, wondering,—

"Was it anything we said?"

"Oh, I wish—I wish!" cried Bell, but in a whisper, "that I had not said anything about the little gentleman!"

But of all the family she was the only one that thought of this. The others were not surprised. There was nothing, alas! more natural than that these fits should come on again. The doctor had expected it. They said to each other that he had been more tired with the journey than they supposed—that indeed it was certain in his state of health that he must be worn out by the journey. The wonder only was that he had revived at all. He was carried to his room after a while, the children looking on drearily from their corner, full of dismay. To them nothing seemed to be too dreadful to be expected.

"Oh, why does papa look so pale?" Marie sobbed, with that blighting terror which seizes a child at the first sight of such signs of mortality. Even the boys had much ado to rub away out of the corners of their eyes the sudden bursts of tears.

"I am better—much better," the sick man said, when he came to himself, "but very weak. You won't allow me to be disturbed? I cannot see any one—it is impossible for me to see any one, Isabel."

"Do you think I will let you be disturbed?" said Lady Markham. "And who would disturb you? Do you forget, William, that we are at home?"

But that word, so full of consolation, fell upon him with no healing in it. Yes, he knew very well that he was at home, and that his enemy who had been waiting for him all these years—his enemy who meant him no harm, who meant no one any harm—the deadliest foe of the children and their mother, his own reproach and shame—that innocent yet mortal enemy was close to him, lurking among the trees, behind the peaceful houses in the village, to disturb him as no one else could. His wife put back the curtain so as to shield his feeble eyes from the lamp, and sat down—anxious, yet serene—wondering at his strange fancy. Disturb him! Who could disturb him here?

From Macmillan's Magazine.
THE HALCYON'S NEST.

"Like the water-fowl,
They built their nests among the ocean waves."

WE have most of us in spirit climbed that "rude brick campanile" of Torcello from whose summit Mr. Ruskin unfolded to us a sunset view, so dreamlike and so strange that we seemed to gaze upon it through

magic casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas in fairy lands forlorn.

Some few of us have been privileged, gently swayed on the waters of the Adrian Sea, to watch such another sunset over these same moorlands of gleaming seaweed—with the music of his words in our hearts—until the fiery west seemed to us to catch an added glow from the flaming battlements of Altinum; the boom of the great bells to ring out an alarm at the Hun's approach, and the noise of the busy city to gather itself up into a "lament from the multitude of its people, seeking, like Israel of old, a refuge from the sword in the paths of the sea."* It is only when one goes out solitary in the evening into the gloom of the deserted islands that one realizes the sacrifice of the men who founded Venice; leaving the pleasantest and richest of the lands of Italy, in which they had been bred, for the "formless waste and stagnant pools of the sterile shore of the sea." I quote from the "Nürnberg Chronicle," which goes on to reflect, "Doubtless they were driven by the hand of God to take those places, so soon to become chief, which no prudence would have chosen in times of peace and of security."

Who were they?—is a question that must have occurred to every one whose heart is moved with pity for their fate. Its answer demands an investigation of the early history of the peoples who inhabited the little corner of land which is bounded on the north by the Noric or Carnic Alps, on the east by the Julian Alps and Istria, and on the south by the stretch of Adriatic shore between Istria and the mouths of the Po. In short, the ancient Venetia. And this is necessary, because it is agreed on all hands that Venice proper was founded by the men who fled before Attila from the ruins of Aquileia, Altinum, Concordia, and Padua.

A few in fear,
Flying away from him whose boast it was
That the grass grew not where his horse had
trod,
Gave birth to Venice.

* Stones of Venice, vol. ii., p. 12.

This Venetia, the north-eastern key to Italy, has been perhaps more than any other portion of that kingdom the subject of antiquarian tradition and myth. The story of the first settlement on her shores takes us back to the days immediately after the flood, when *Felonte*, the son of Ham, the son of Noah, being sent into the west by Janus, Ogyges, and Saturn, occupied the tract between Istria and the mouths of the Po. He left a son Venetus, who built the most ancient city Venetia, on the left bank of the river Piave, which now is a wilderness. And this legend Piloni gives on the authority of M. Porcius Cato, adding naively, "if those are really the works of Cato which among us are attributed to him." We should naturally refer this legend to the early days of Christianity in Italy, on the principle that, as for us English the coming of the Norman conqueror, so for the early Christian the hero of the flood, and for the pagan of Greek or Latin race the destruction of Troy was the source of nobility. Nor is the complementary tradition lacking which should confer upon the Roman colonist of Venetia his patent of distant nobility. The siege of Troy is the epic which, of all others, holds undying sway over the minds of men. To this day the peasants of Italy in the country districts, chiefly in the neighborhood of Pistoia, introduce a vernacular version of it into their *Maggi*, or May dramatic plays — open-air representations resembling the *Passionspiel* of the Oberammergau — and it is no fallacy to assert that it is to them a more living reality than the representation of incidents of modern civilized life by Sardou or Ferrari is to the dwellers in the cities.

The destruction of Troy was probably to the early Romans what the expulsion from Eden was to our fathers — the date of the casting forth of man upon the earth to fulfil his destiny independently of a peddling providence. So arose the tradition of the second settling. Here it is. When Antenor, the brother of Priam and son of Laomedon, escaped from the flames of Troy, he took with him his nephew, Priam the younger, and about twelve thousand people. Taking ship, he made for the northernmost shore of the Adriatic, and coming to the islands about the mouths of the Po, there settled, that he might be free from lordship and jurisdiction of all other peoples.

Another account states that Venetia, or at any rate the islands, were then held by Greeks, whom Antenor, with his

Paphlagonians or Heneti, expelled, taking their settlements by storm. These were the Greeks who, coming over with Hercules, settled in fair Venice, and called the aborigines Euganei, or well-born.

Quique gravi remo limosis segniter undis
Lenta paludosæ proscindunt stagna Ravennæ,
Tum Trojana manus tellure antiquitus orti
Euganea, profugique sacris Antenoris oris,
Nec non cum Venetis Aquileia superfluit armis.

The aborigines are variously styled Tuscans and Euganeans, and are represented by the annalists as making peace with the invading Trojans, and living on amicable terms with them. It is very interesting to find Tuscans in this corner, supporting, as it does, the theory that the Etruscans passed into Italy from the north-east. Italian chroniclers report that Gomer, son of Japhet, came into Italy one hundred and thirty years after the flood, and founded many colonies on both sides of the Apennines, and that these colonists were called Tuscans (or sacred people) because they sacrificed to the great God; but, afterwards expelled by the Celts, they retreated into the Alps which are between Italy and Germany. As we shall see, it was by this route that the Huns under Attila made their famous raid upon Italy. May not their predecessors, Altaic-Ural peoples, restless and nomadic, have swept across the great Russian plain, and, coming into the land of promise through Venetia, have settled in the Tuscan forests? The supposition is not an extravagant one: it is merely the reference of a migration back some centuries — many centuries, it is true — but civilization was completely at a standstill, and there could have been nothing in the condition of the ancestors to prevent their undertaking what their descendants did. What, for instance, could exceed the savagery of the Huns thus described by an eye-witness, Ammianus Marcellinus?

"The Huns surpass in ferocity and in barbarity all that one can imagine of barbarous and of savage . . . Their thick-set bodies, with enormous superior members, and heads out of all proportion, give them a monstrous appearance. You would say that they are beasts on two feet." They were beings who, under human form, lived in the state of beasts. For their food they used neither seasonings nor fire; the roots of wild plants, and flesh made tender between their thighs and the backs of their horses, formed their nourishment. They never

used a plough; they inhabited neither houses nor huts, for every walled inclosure appeared to them a sepulchre, and they did not think themselves safe under a roof. They wore a linen tunic, which was allowed to rot upon the body, and over it threw a cloak made of the skins of rats. They spent their lives on horseback; "there they hold meetings, buy and sell, eat and drink; sleep, even, stretched upon the necks of their steeds."

Three hundred years earlier, Tacitus, speaking of the Finns (a race of north-eastern Europe, which was reduced to subjection by the Mongols, and engulfed by the Hunnic confederations of the Oural and Caspian line), does not draw a much more hopeless picture.* We should seek in vain among the accounts which travellers and missionaries have given us of the inhabitants of the South Sea islands, or of the wilds of Patagonia, for a state of deeper moral depravity or of more profound destitution of intellectual life.

So deeply were the German races impressed with such foul and incorrigible bestiality, that among the earliest of their national chants — which among the Goths took the place of historical records — we find a tradition ascribing the origin of the Huns to demons and sorceresses. In the days of King Filimer, the scalds recount, women suspected of sorcery — *all-runes* — who enticed the soldiery away from military duty by their blandishments, were banished from the army, and driven into the wilds of Scythia. There these damned women met foul spirits wandering like them in the desert, and from their union sprang the fierce race of the Huns. This tradition must have gained very wide-spread credence, for we find Simon of Keza, the earliest and most celebrated compiler of Hungarian chronicles — who wrote at the express request of Ladislas III. about the end of the thirteenth century — setting himself seriously to prove the impossibility of procreation by spirits, seeing that they have neither flesh nor bones. "Hence it is clear," he concludes, "that the Hungarians sprang, like the other nations of the world, *from a man and a woman*."

Such were the men who — united into one vast army by the genius of Attila — swept down from the Scythian wilds

which had produced them, ravaged the fairest provinces of Italy, and closed the annals of Roman civilization. They formed the thongs of that scourge, so unsparing and so resistless, that men have ceased to call it by any other name than that of "the Scourge of God."

Let us consider upon whom it fell. We learn from Livy that in 186 B.C. the transalpine Gauls, probably a Celtic people, came into the province of Venice, and set about building a city. The Roman senate demanded explanations from the chiefs of the tribe from which the people had come out, and got for answer that they disclaimed responsibility, not having authorized the emigration; whereupon the proconsul advanced upon the infant town. The Gauls surrendered at once; there were twelve thousand of them, armed chiefly with agricultural implements; and, stripped of their possessions, they were ordered to return whence they had come. Ill-brooking that they should lose these implements, they sent messengers to Rome to complain of the matter. These, introduced to the senate by the prætor, declared that the population being excessive in Gaul, they, driven by lack of land and by the pressure of poverty to seek a settlement, had crossed the Alps, and had settled on those lands which they perceived to be uncultivated, being solitudes. And they had begun to build a town, which was a proof that they had not come to offer violence to any one. A few days after they had made peace with Claudius, and surrendered themselves into the good faith, rather than into the power, of the Roman people, they were ordered to leave field and city; and they had had it in mind to go quietly away into what lands they might, but that their arms were taken away from them, and all the other implements which they carried and used; and they prayed the senate and the Roman people not to treat them — harmless, surrendered folk — more harshly than enemies. It is satisfactory to know that their prayer was in great measure heard. Rome was still just. But the poor Gauls were sent across the Alps again, and a stern injunction was thundered to the parent tribe to "keep its multitude at home."

I have mentioned this incident to show, first, the tendency of the northern and barbarous nations southwards, urged by the nomad tribes which poured into Germany from Scandinavia; and, secondly, Venetia as the point of contact

* "Fennis mira feritas, foeda paupertas: non arma, non equi, non penates: victui herba, vestitui pelles, cubile humus; sola in sagittis spes, quas, inopia ferri, ossibus asperant." — Tacit. *German.* 46.

between Roman civilization and northern barbarism. They were only separated by the Alps. In 181 B.C., during the Istrian war, the military colony of Aquileia was founded. After some debate, it was determined to establish it as a Latin colony—not one of Roman citizens—and land was accordingly allotted to the soldiery in the following proportions. Three thousand foot-soldiers received about thirty-one acres each, the centurions sixty-two acres each, and the equites eighty-eight acres each. About ten years later, the Aquileians sent to Rome, begging the senate to take measures for the due fortification of the new town, which was in danger from the Istrians and Illyrians. We have just seen the Roman account of her foundation: there is a Hunnic legend about it as well. I abridge from the "*Chronica Hungarorum*" (thirteenth century) of Bishop Chartucius.*

After leaving Cologne (where he had slain Saint Ursula and the eleven thousand virgins), Aquila (or *Attila*), the king of the Huns, came into Lombardy, where he found many and fair cities adorned with walls and decorated with loftiest towers, all of which he destroyed and wasted the land, earning for himself the name of "*Plaga Dei*." Desirous of conquest, he set out for Rome. At midnight, when he slept, a holy angel appeared to him, saying,—

"The Lord God Jesus Christ teacheth thee. Enter not with thy ferocity into the holy city Rome, where repose the bodies of my apostles, but turn and avenge my chosen King Casimir, who served me faithfully, with entire affection of his heart and mind, in the parts of Slavonia and Croatia—avenge him upon those who foully and traitorously slew him. For they said, 'Never shall there be king over us, but we ourselves shall reign.' Moreover, I shall cause thy generation after thee to visit Rome in humility, and to have a perpetual crown."

Having said these things, the angel went away. And when it was morning the king moved his armies into the province of Venice, and came upon the shore of the sea, and there built a new city, and called it Aquileia in honor of his name, and to remind posterity of it; wherefore it took its name from Aquila, king of the Hungarians.

Too late, my good bishop, by more than

* This and subsequent quotations from Hungarian chronicles are taken from Mons. Amedée Thierry's "*Histoire d'Attila*."

six hundred years! It is a curious speculation how the city *did* get its name. Sabellicus derives it, with great appearance of probability, from the eagles or standards of the Roman legions; and in confirmation, he states that in his time the arms of the city bore a tawny eagle. And, strangely enough, every notable event in the history of the city has a bird story attached to it. Attila was encouraged to prolong the siege of it by the sight of white storks flying away from the city with their young on their backs; and when the governor Menapus left by night with all the inhabitants, leaving wooden images on the bulwarks to personate soldiers, the Hunnic king was first apprised of the deception by seeing an eagle perch upon one of the figures. The pigeons which have their home in the campanile of the great piazza of Venice at this day, and the reverent care with which they are tended; are doubtless connected with the bird-myths which group about the beginnings of the city. But the eagle which preceded the invincible legions of Rome has given place to the dove which announced the birth of the Prince of Peace: the black rock that afforded scant footing to the fugitives from the scourge of God has been paved with marble—a very table for the white-winged doves.

The other principal parent city was Altinum, situated about twenty miles to the north of Aquileia, anciently called Antenoris, just as Villani called the first Venice Antenora. It is a lovely little town, set upon a spur of the Alps—an outpost on the Austrian frontier.

Tradition refers the foundation of the city and the elevation of the hill upon which it stands to Attila. During the siege of Aquileia, the king of the Huns was at a loss for a fortress to which he might escape in case of reverse, and also for a point of observation commanding the plain about Aquileia. He selected Utinum or Altinum, the modern Udine. Each of his soldiers brought his helmet full of earth, and his shield laden with stones, from which in an incredibly short time—three days, says the historian—the mountain grew, and on its summit he built a very strong castellated fortress, which was still to be seen in the sixteenth century. This absurd legend was quite current in the Middle Ages; in fact, Otto of Freisingen, in his chronicle, expresses admiration for the constructive skill of the Huns, and wonder at their numbers—"a marvellous multitude"—as evidenced by this mountain which they had

raised so rapidly, and which he himself had seen.

Before passing to the incidents of the siege of Aquileia, which immediately preceded that of Altinum, and to the result of which Venice owes her existence, I wish to trace the influence and conditions which combined to form the noble, steadfast race of men, the stamp of whose character and genius the queen of the Adriatic bore through centuries. What those characteristics were, every chronicler lingers over with a loving insistency; and we find the most complete and authentic confirmation of them in a letter which Cassiodorus wrote from Ravenna to the tribunes of the Lagoons, at the command of the emperor Theodoric during the famine of 528, calling upon them for assistance in the transport of provisions. He speaks of these island homes, facing the fair Ionian shores, as covered with houses like "halcyons' nests," in groups, built upon rocks clad with soil, which had been brought from the neighboring continent, and kept in position by ozier hurdles. This their only rampart against the encroachment of the sea.*

Fish formed almost their only subsistence; poverty and wealth lived on equal terms together; the same nourishment for every family, the same thatched roof for every house. There jealousy had no place, nor envy. Salt-works were their principal labor. The cylinder of the salt-maker took the place of the plough of the laborer and of the sickle of the reaper, for salt was their culture and their harvest. And Cassiodorus summoned them to get ready those ships which they attached to the rings of their walls like domesticated animals. Such the origin of the gondola. From other accounts we learn that these fugitive settlers were most worthy, noble, and rich men, who coming down before the inroad of the Huns, brought with them their treasure and their wives, and betook themselves to fishing and the making of salt. The wealthier engaged in merchandise, and some remained at home to make laws and to maintain order in the city. And their first care was for religion. The priests looked not for luxury, nor for vain pleasures, but held their charge in virtue and continency. One man was not distin-

guished from another by wealth; but they all lived together in love and innocence, paying no respect to clothing, but to honesty, to which rightly they gave the honor. "You would have thought," says Sabellico, "that it was a company, not of fugitive citizens, but of ancient philosophers reposing in peace."

Genti v' eran con occhi tardi e gravi,
Di grand' autorità nei lor sembianti:
Parlavan rado, con voci soavi.

Perhaps the most striking feature of this primitive picture is the care for religion, which took precedence even of magisterial measures. One would surely expect that a race of men, dispersed, seeking refuge from a barbarous and merciless foe in places which they were unable to fortify, would devote their first energies to the establishment of some sort of military discipline, in which the chief men for strength or counsel would form an oligarchical rule. But the Providence which ordered the limits of the rise and fall of the Adriatic tide, and sent the currents along the baffling sinuosities of their courses, that Venice might be possible, ordained as well that her founders should be noble and equal and toil-loving — true descendants in spirit of the fishermen who, at the beginnings of the religion of renunciation, were the companions of its Christ, and at his bidding left all and followed him. And having so ordained, prepared them for their task by means of the patriarchal church of Aquileia.

This church was founded, according to the old tradition preserved in the "Acts of the Saints," by St. Mark, who, being in Rome with Peter and Paul, was fully instructed in the life of Jesus of Nazareth, and sent by Peter to Aquileia, which was then a very famous city. His preaching was most successful, converting a great multitude; and he there founded a church, "in most wise care for worship and in inviolable solidity of faith." There, too, he is said to have written his Gospel. The notices of this church are of an entirely traditional and untrustworthy character until the end of the third century. After Hilary, who was ordained Bishop of Aquileia in the year 276, the episcopal list is tolerably complete. Hilary was very famous in his life and martyrdom; he was beheaded in 286 for refusing to sacrifice to pagan gods. His violent death marks the fate of almost every bishop of this persecuted church for another hundred years. Paganism was the religion of the State, and paganism in its

* It is curious to note that the Celtic races when hunted have very often taken refuge in the water. The Scotch and Irish buildings in tarns and peat bogs, and the *pfahlbauten*, or lacustrine dwellings of Switzerland, will occur to the reader's memory.

latest and most inane form, when every occasion called into existence a new divinity. As an example, I may cite the dedication of a temple to Venus the Bald, to commemorate the heroism of the women of Aquileia during the siege of the city by Maximin in 283, when they cut off their hair, and gave it to make bowstrings of, when cords failed. The Aquileians were continually in tribulation. For, at first, their city, the capital of the province of Venetia, was torn asunder by two religious factions, and her annals are surcharged with revolting tales of persecutions and martyrdoms of old men and maidens. There are few more pathetic incidents in the "Lives of the Saints" than the butchery of the venerable Bishop Grisogonus on the sands at Grado, whither he had fled for security. I can see the trunkless head, crowned with its snowy locks, an old man's honor; the white hairs gently lifted from the burning golden sands by a playful breeze, while the red stream trickles in saintly consecration into the laughing waters of the summer sea.

And no one can look at Paul Veronese's "Martyrdom of Sta. Giustina" — the huge picture over the altar in the church at Padua, dedicated to the virgin saint — without a thrill of admiration for the constancy of that king's daughter, who looks upwards wistfully as if she heard the cherubim singing to their instruments in æry ring about the Madonna, while the brute Roman soldier, at a glance from his pitiless and utterly unchivalrous chief, plunges a knife into the maiden's breast. Diocletian, too, sent down orders to slay the Christians of Aquileia. The year 382 put a term to religious persecution; for in it, Gratianus, the second emperor of the western empire, enacted that all people should be converted to the religion which the Apostle Peter had showed to the Romans, and which the Pope Damasus practised; and further decreed that all who refused should be held as heretics and damned. It is very noteworthy that at this time the patriarchate of Aquileia governed twenty-seven suffragan bishoprics. But scarcely had the fear of persecution been removed, and liberty of worship secured to the Church, when it was beset by foreign invaders. First came Alaric; then Radagaisus, who, starting from Dalmatia and Istria with two hundred thousand Goths, and passing through Venetia, took and destroyed Padua, and wasted the whole province, vowing that he would offer up Roman

blood to his gods. He proceeded into Tuscany, where he was surrounded on the hill of Fiesolè by the Romans under Stilicho, and destroyed, he and his army, by hunger, rather than by the sword.

A few years later Alaric returned, took Rome, and left it in flames. These incursions passed by Aquileia as too strong for successful siege. In the midst of the plain which sweeps down from the Julian Alps to the sea, the watchmen on the towers of Aquileia saw the robber bands swoop down upon the teeming province, and return bloodstained and booty-laden. Secure within their moat-encircled walls, the artificer soldiers of Aquileia thought only of the ruin which the fair-haired Goths had wrought in their campagna, leaving the vines, dragged from their airy, festooned arborage, bruised under hasty feet, and the trees felled for firing and for shafts and for chariots. In that fair sunny land that crowned itself with flowers and with vine-tendrils, as for holiday, at the first breath of the approaching spring, resounded in 452 the cursed hoofs of the Hunnic cavalry. For Attila, taking short repose after his defeat by Aëtius in Gaul, left his quarters by the Danube in midwinter, and, advancing by rapid marches, passed the Julian Alps at Laibach, crossed the river Isonzo unchallenged, and made his first halt before the walls of Aquileia. We have already seen what manner of people these Huns were. Their king was even more terrible. Short and broad-chested, he had an enormous head, small, deep-set eyes, thin hair, a flat nose, and a very dark complexion. When he walked, he carried his head thrown back; and his way of gazing all round restlessly and curiously gave to him an imperious and proud appearance. He was terrible in his wrath, vindictive and merciless to his foes; overthrowing to destroy, rather than to pillage, and slaying that he might leave a thousand corpses exposed to the view of the living. Yet he was just to his subjects and accessible to submissive petitions. In his dress he was extremely simple, but cleanly; his food was of uncooked meat, served upon wooden platters; but in his passions he was unbridled, addicted to drink, and his children are said to have formed almost a people. Although he had numberless wives, he added a fresh one almost every day. No religion claimed him for a votary; in lieu, he had attached to his court sorcerers, who read to him his fate in critical circumstances.

Strangely enough, the quality which

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pre-eminently distinguished this remarkable man was a subtlety of strategic and diplomatic skill which was more than a match for the astuteness of the Roman general Aëtius, and which secured for him the allegiance of Italy without shedding blood, except upon her thresholds, Venice and Lombardy. To his statecraft, too, is due the vast confederacy of barbarous tribes, Ostro-Goths, Burgundians, Franks, and Gauls, which gave him an empire co-extensive with the Roman, and enabled him to combat successfully the last efforts of Latin civilization. A great part of the influence of Attila upon the unsettled, semi-nomadic inhabitants of the continent of Europe was due to a superstition. The peoples of Scythia worshipped a naked sword, buried in the ground so that the point alone appeared above the surface. This sword of Mars, as the Romans called it, became neglected, and for centuries even the position of it was forgotten.

A Hunnic drover, one of whose heifers had been severely wounded in the hoof by treading upon the sharp point, drew it from the ground, and presented it to King Attila, who recognized in its recovery a sign of the confirmation of his sovereignty over all peoples by the gods. This interpretation of the incident he diligently spread abroad, and from that day spoke and acted as master and emperor of all the barbarians.

Such was the army and such the leader that in 452 began the siege of Aquileia. The town was and is situated in the bosom of the most northern bay of the Adriatic, about seven miles inland, a little to the west of the river Natissa, which flows down from the height Piz di Crem. From this river a stream was diverted and turned into a moat, which completely encircled the city walls, crowned with many and fair towers. It was considered impregnable on account of its natural position and of its artificial strength of battlement and tower. Only once had it succumbed, when the engineers of Julian built towers equal in height to those of the city, and floated them across the moat. Now, however, the Aquileians had to do with barbarians unskilled in any but predatory warfare, and watched the camp of their foes with no feelings of unusual apprehension. For three months the siege lasted uneventfully, and the Huns began to murmur at an inaction which threatened to deprive them of that year's harvest of spoils. Attila himself, dispirited, debated whether or not to raise the siege.

If he persevered, he foresaw nothing but failure; and the flagging spirits and open murmurs of his soldiers warned him that his only bond of alliance with them was success.

If he abandoned the siege, he dared not proceed into Italy, leaving so strong a fortress in his rear. He knew his old antagonist Aëtius too well to give him such an advantage. So he deliberated as he walked round the walls of Aquileia seeking inspiration, when he saw the white storks fly away from the city with their young on their backs, as rats leave a sinking ship. He immediately communicated the good omen to his soldiery, and called upon them to redouble their efforts, with such good effect, that after a very few days the battering-rams, plied by hopeful arms, made breaches in the vaulted walls, through which poured the merciless and eager Huns. The city had fallen. We hear of no terms of surrender, no conditions of capitulation; the enemy rushed in, sword in hand, unrestrainable, fired with long-unsated thirst for blood and greed of plunder. The swift escaped by flight, the weak perished by the sword. We read of one young and beautiful woman called Dougna, who, wrapping her head in her veil, flung herself headlong from the ramparts to escape dishonor. How many more, fair and young as she, suffered deaths, more tragical and more pitiful, we shall never know — *quia carent vate sacro*. Those who escaped, fled to Grado, whither, in anticipation of the siege, the Aquileians had sent their treasure, their wives, and their children. There stood the little exiled band, driven to the brink of that oft-sung sea whose shores had been reddened by the blood of saints under Roman persecution, as now the northern sky was reddened by the flames from the barbarian torches that made a bonfire of their homes.

And Attila went on to Altinum, which he levelled with the ground and burned. Its inhabitants, with those of Concordia which shared the same fate, in sad groups on the seashore, looked back towards the hills from whence came help no more, and with stern resolve launched rafts, and steered towards the sombre islets, now submerged and now exposed as the tide advanced or receded, which offered an asylum secure only because of its bleakness and obscurity.

It is impossible to measure the extent of their tribulation, who exchanged the well-drawn furrows of the fruitful Tre-

visan glebes for the uncertain rippling of the Adrian wave, the lowing of fat cattle and the bleating of white-fleeced flocks for the shriek of the sea-bird and the morotonous lapping of the fretful waters against frail ozier sea-fences, and golden grain and purple grape for the sea-harvesting of fish and dulse and seaweed. We can imagine in what sadness of heart these fugitives brought out the soil from the mainland with which they raised the level of their island homes beyond the reach of advancing tides, remembering, as they prepared these shifting sands for permanent habitation, the rock-founded city set upon a hill which they had left. Altinum had six gates, we are told, which gave their names, to perpetuate remembrance of them, to six of the islands upon which her sons had settled; to wit, Torcellum, Majorbium, Buranum, Amorianum, Constantiacum, and Amianum.

It will be observed that the migration to the islands is here fixed at 452 A.D. The generally accepted account is that the fugitives, before the Hunnic invasion, from Padua, settled on Rivus Altus (Rialto); those from Concordia on Caprula; those from Altinum on Torcellum and Maurianum; Opitergium sent hers to Equilium; Alteste and Silices to Philistine, Metamaucus, and Clodia. But a very ancient record in the Paduan archives points to a settlement on Rialto thirty-one years earlier, viz., in 421. This document has many points of coincidence with that of De Monaci, quoted by Mr. Ruskin in the first note in the appendix to the first volume of his "Stones of Venice." It states that in view of the inroads of the Goths and other barbarous peoples, the consuls and senate of Padua judged it expedient, at a meeting held on the 17th day before the kalends of April (16th of March), 421, to enact the building of a port on the island Rivus Altus, and the appointment of biennial consuls to superintend the work of construction. And it was further decreed that the inhabitants of the other islands should be forced to come to dwell in this new port, as well as people from the marshes and generally from the province of Venice; and that a naval station should there be established as a defence and a refuge. Accordingly, on the 8th day before the kalends of April (25th of March), about midday, the foundations of the new city were laid by Albertus Faletrius, Thomas Candianus, and Zeno Daulus, consuls.

And in that year there is a notice of the building of the Church of San Jacopo

on Rialto, *ex voto* for the checking of a fire which had originated in the house of Entinopos, a Greek shipbuilder. There is considerable ground for the conjecture that Rialto was the principal, if not the earliest settlement; in fact, Venice was called Rialto for nearly seven centuries.

Repeated inroads on the part of the barbarian tribes prevented the return of these refugees to their former homes. But Aquileia appears to have been re-peopled, for it was only in 571, according to Dandolo, that the metropolitan see of Aquileia was transferred to Grado. At the transference of the see and consecration of the new metropolitan Church of Sta. Eufemia at Grado, the patriarch Helias, in his address to the suffragan bishops, declared that the city Aquileia was first entirely destroyed by Attila, king of the Huns; later shattered by inroads of the Goths and of other barbarians, and at the time of his address was unable to withstand the scourge of the impious Lombard race under Alboin.

The foundation of Venice was coincident with the fall of the western empire. Attila, advancing upon Rome, was met on the banks of the Mincio, not by phalanxed legions, nor by the serried ranks of armed defenders of an outraged country, but by a peaceful pope, who, by a word, stayed the advancing Hun. How rapid the decay of Rome may be realized from the fact that she who had successfully resisted the Hunnic raid upon Gaul, had not sufficient vitality left a year later to lead a single army into the field to defend her own existence. How strange it is that the barbarous and headstrong king should have been deterred from the crowning triumph of his career by superstitious dread, the very weapon which he himself had used, as we have seen, to found and consolidate his power! Legend says that Attila, taxed with his weakness in lending too ready an ear to the exhortations of Leo the Great, replied: "It is not the priest that has driven me back, but another, who, standing behind him with drawn sword, threatened me with death if I obeyed not."

It is a very significant fact that the list of emperors of the western empire was closed by Romulus Augustulus, the son of Orestes, a Pannonian, the principal secretary of Attila.

With Italy in ruins, and overrun by pitiless robber bands, our peaceful islanders wrung, in Christian resignation, a scant subsistence from the sea; and when the angelus rung out from the bell-tow-

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ers of the many churches which their wise care for religion had raised almost ere they had sheltered themselves from the sea-breezes, the sun set not upon a more innocent or a more wisely-governed people. Resolute, loyal, and crafty, their training in affliction made them fierce and uncompromising before untruth and treason. And these qualities, perhaps, more than any others, marked their slow-paced constitutional progress until the seventy-two islands were united under one name, Venezia, "*flour* of the last world's delight."

"They little thought, who first drove the stakes into the sand, and strewed the ocean reeds for their rest, that their children were to be the princes of that ocean, and their palaces its pride."*

ROBERT CAIRD.

* Stones of Venice, vol. ii.

From Temple Bar.

A WILD IRISH GIRL.

DURING the earlier part of the second half of the eighteenth century there was associated with Daly, the manager of the Theatre Royal, Dublin, a handsome young Irish adventurer named Owenson. As a boy he had been adopted and educated by a gentleman of position; an escapade during a visit to London, however, offended his patron and threw him upon the world. He had a penchant for the stage, and through Goldsmith, to whom every compatriot appealed in distress, he obtained an introduction to Garrick; the great actor gave him an appearance, but he failed. Afterwards, however, he achieved some success at Covent Garden, as a singer and an actor of Irish characters; there he remained, until Daly induced him to come over to Dublin as assistant manager. By-and-by, having quarrelled with that gentleman, he opened the old, half-ruined theatre in Fishamble Street for dramatic performances. Daly, however, who was a person of influence in the city, appealed to the authorities, and compelled him to close the theatre. Descended, upon his mother's side, from an ancient Irish family, and brought up as a rich man's *protégé*, a gay, jovial fellow who could sing the old Irish songs charmingly, play upon the violin, tell a good story, drink his bottle of claret with any one, Owenson found no difficulty in gaining admittance to good society. But it

was a doubtful privilege, involving debt and difficulties to a man of limited income.

Owenson had two daughters, Sydney, born in 1783, and Olivia, both of whom inherited the Milesian gaiety of the father rather than the sober seriousness of the English mother. Sydney was a precocious genius, who seems to have lisped in numbers, wrote doggerel verses on a favorite cat when she was little more than an infant, and while at school gave indications of her future talent for caustic satire by composing a poem, in imitation of Goldsmith's "*Retaliation*," upon her fellow-pupils, of her love of knowledge by reading Locke's "*Essay*" and Lavoisier's "*Life*," and of her love of fun by using the chemical knowledge gleaned from the latter book to frighten the servants half out of their wits, words of awful warning gleaming in lambent flames upon the walls; while a strong vein of sentiment found vent in a volume of poems which were published before she was fourteen years of age.

After the compulsory closing of the Fishamble Street theatre, it was proposed by the officers of the garrison and some gentlemen of the neighborhood that Owenson should build a theatre at Kilkenny; funds were subscribed, and the building was erected. There Sydney and her sister spent the holidays with their father. Although Owenson kept the girls out of the way of his gay patrons, and steadily refused all invitations for them, he could not prevent some of the butterflies fluttering about the house. Sydney, although an arrant romp, was overflowing with sentimental romance, but Olivia preferred scrambling over hedges and ditches with a dog, and with a thick stick in her hand, robbing bird-nests, and other hoydenish pranks, to poetry. But there was Molly, a faithful old servant, who guarded the two motherless girls — for Mrs. Owenson was long since dead — with the vigilance of a treasure-guarding dragon.

One day when Olivia returned home from her rambles she found Sydney and two young officers talking high-flown sentiment, such as Goethe had brought into fashion, and all three bathed in tears. At the same moment in came Molly to lay the cloth for dinner. "Come, be off wid yez, an' the masther will be comin' in for his dinner, and what will he say to find you here fandangoing with Miss Sydney?" was her unceremonious address to the gentlemen. Upon which tomboy Olivia fell upon them with her stick, and

pelted them out of the house with the apples she had just stolen from some orchard; while Sydney, all romance vanishing before the ludicrousness of the situation, burst into a fit of inextinguishable laughter at the discomfiture of her admirers.

Laughter and tears were always jostling one another in Sydney Owenson, as the following anecdote will show. While her father was strolling about the country with his theatrical company, he kept his daughters at a good day-school in Dublin; but to be over head and ears in debt was his chronic condition, and the humiliations of such a state were but too familiar to his family. The rent of the lodgings where the girls lived with their faithful Molly was always in arrears, and the landlady was—as landladies will be under such circumstances—frequently insolent. One day, while Sydney was sitting at the window, crying bitterly over some fresh insult, she caught sight of M. Fontaine, her dancing-master, passing the house in a coach; she beckoned him to come up to her, and as soon as he entered the room, believing that he would mingle his tears with hers, began to pour her sorrows into the bosom of the good-natured, eccentric old Frenchman. But his sympathy took a more sensible form. Thrusting his head out of window, he called to his son, whom he had left in the carriage, "*Montez donc, Martin, mon fils, avec votre petit violon.*" Up came Martin with his kit; Fontaine placed them all—Sydney, Olivia, Molly, Martin, and himself—in a circle: "*Egayez-vous, mes enfants, il n'y a que ça de bon!*" he cried, and the next moment they were all dancing *chasses à la ronde* to the tune of "What a beau my granny is!" (the only one the musician could play,) and shouting with laughter, until Livy gave Molly, who was in the way, a push behind, and she fell upon Martin, who fell upon his father, who fell upon Sydney, until all were sprawling like a pack of cards. After which Fontaine sent off Martin for ices and biscuits, and the whole party sat down to enjoy the feast as though there were no such things as money and debt in the world.

While at school the two girls were taken to a musical party at Tom Moore's, of whose "at home" at this period we obtain a curious sketch. "From royal palaces and noble mansions," says lady Morgan in her "Memoirs," "he had returned to his family seat, a grocer's shop at the corner of Little Longford Street,

Aungier Street. . . . Moore's sisters, Kate and Helen, and their nice, dear mother, who looked like Moore himself in petticoats, received us with cordial kindness. Zeluco Moore, and several musical celebrities of the day, were there; but Moore himself, who had been dining at the provost's, did not come in until late, and was then on his way to a party at Lady Antrim's. At his mother's wish he sat down to the piano and sang 'Friend of my Soul.' My sister and myself, two scrubby-headed and very ill-dressed little girls, stood mewed in a corner close to the piano, and my sister's tears fell like dew."

Besides the volume of juvenile poems already mentioned, Sydney published another, "The Lay of the Irish Harp," and twelve songs set to music, only one of which, the once popular "Kate Kearney," has survived. And now, for the purpose of relieving her father from some of his embarrassments, she resolved, although still in her teens, to take a governess's situation. Owenson was so well liked and respected among the neighboring gentry that he found little difficulty in procuring such an appointment for his daughter, who was very soon engaged by a lady of high position, Mrs. Featherstonhaugh, of Westmeath. The night before our impulsive young heroine left Dublin, Fontaine gave what he called a "*petit bal d'adieu.*"

Taking no note of time, dance succeeded dance, until they were startled by the sound of the horn, which announced the departure of the coach Sydney was to travel by. There was no time for change of dress, and in muslins and in satin shoes, with only a cloak thrown around her, although it was the depth of winter with snow upon the ground, she started on her journey. Arrived at an inn within a few miles of her destination, to which a carriage was to be sent to convey her, she had it in her mind to don a garb more suitable to travelling and the time of year, but having been carried out of the coach by an officer, a fellow-traveller, to prevent her feet getting wet, she forgot all about her trunk, and upon inquiry found it had gone on in the coach; so there was no alternative but to present herself to the lady in the very ungovernance-like costume of the previous night. But Mrs. Featherstonhaugh, who was a good-natured woman, laughed heartily at the young lady's humorous description of her adventure, and soon found her a dress to appear in. Sydney at once makes herself at home,

wins the heart of the old nurse by "tipping her a word of Irish," takes down a conceited writing-master, who believes himself an Admirable Crichton, by a few sly touches of sarcasm, delights the company by singing some Irish ballads, and finishes up by dancing a jig with all the household looking on. A somewhat extraordinary initiation for a governess—according to English notions—but there was an all-pervading love of fun in the Ireland of those days, as remote from Saxon ideas of the fitness of things as it is possible to be, and the young romp soon became a prodigious favorite with everybody.

Having read of the large sums of money which Miss Burney had received for her books, Sydney, still ever thinking of her father's distresses, was fired with the spirit of emulation, and ere she left Dublin had advanced far with the composition of two novels; one, "St. Clair," was written in imitation of the then all-popular "Sorrows of Werther," the other was founded upon some incidents in Sully's "Memoirs" touching the amours of the great Henry. During her residence at Westmeath she completed "St. Clair," and when the family returned to Dublin for the season she resolved to offer it for publication. One morning early, before breakfast, attired in a market bonnet and cloak belonging to the cook, with her MS., tied round with rose-colored ribbon, under her arm, she sallies forth on her first literary adventure. After walking some time she observes a shop, over the window of which is inscribed "T. Smith, Printer and Bookseller," and into this she enters; a boy is sweeping it out. Upon being asked her business, she says, growing a little confused, that she wants to see the gentleman of the house. "Which? the young or the ould master?" inquires the *gamin* with a leer. Before she can reply, out of an inner room comes a young fellow in volunteer uniform. "Here's a young miss wants to see yez, Masther James," says the boy. The young "master" chucks her under the chin, but before she can resent the liberty, a face lathered for shaving is thrust out of the room, and a sharp voice bids my young gallant make haste off to the "Phaynix Park." Then turning to poor blushing, trembling Sydney, he desires her to sit down, and tells her he will be with her in "a jiffey." Disappearing for a few moments, he presently returns with a "Now, honey, what can I do for you?"—a salutation which greatly as-

tonishes all the ideas she has cherished of the Tonsons, the Dodsleys, and the great Miss Burney. She tells him she wants to sell a book—that the name of it is "St. Clair." Mr. Smith shakes his head; he has nothing to do with sermons, or tracts, or Popish books. She explains that it is a novel after the manner of "Werther." The good man has never heard of Goethe's famous work, and replies that he is not a publisher of novels. Tears of mortification come into her eyes as she packs up her MS. Compassionating her youth, he offers some words of consolation and inquires her name. "Owenson," she half sobs. "What, anything to Owenson of the Theatre Royal?" She tells him she is his daughter. Upon which, with a complete change of tone, he invites her to come in to breakfast, saying that her father is the greatest friend he has in the world. And upon her declining his hospitality, he gives her a letter of introduction to a Mr. Brown, of Grafton Street, as a person likely to entertain her book. She finds Mr. Brown behind his counter and presents her note, and just then out of the shop parlor comes an old lady to summon him to breakfast, and taking the note out of her husband's hand, glances at Sydney and asks "What is it?" "A young lady who wants me to publish her novel, which I can't do, as my hands are full." Sydney is turning away with her handkerchief to her eyes when the old lady suggests that it should be read, and the young lady might return in a few days for the decision. Sydney can only just answer "Thank you, madam," and, depositing her MS. upon the counter, hurry out of the shop and hasten home. So disgusted, however, was she with the reception of her literary bantling that she forgot to leave her address, and, departing for Westmeath a day or two afterwards, heard no more of it until she was told by some one of its publication. All the remuneration she ever received on account of it was a present of four copies. "St. Clair" was afterwards rewritten and published in London. It appears to have been a novel not without promise—judged by the standard of that period, which was a very low one. It was translated into German, and in a notice prefixed, the translator, to titillate the suicidal tastes of the day, stated that the authoress, in a fit of despairing love, had strangled herself with an embroidered pocket-handkerchief. Of the Sully novel we hear no more.

Mr. Owenson had much of the pride of

"ould blood;" he could not endure the thought of one of his daughters holding a subordinate position, even under so friendly a roof as that of Mrs. Featherstonhaugh, and urged her so frequently to resign it, that at length, in 1801, she left her kind patroness, who, however, remained her friend and correspondent through life, and returned to live with him. He was then at the head of a theatrical company in Coleraine. But a young lady who had been accustomed to all the comforts and refinements of an aristocratic home could not long content herself in the mean lodgings and among the shabby surroundings of a strolling player, and in a little time she again took the situation of governess. It was not very long, however, before we once more find her back with her father and sister at Enniskillen.

During this time she has been busily engaged upon another novel, "The Novice of St. Dominic," in six volumes, which a devoted admirer copies for her into readable writing, her own being of a hieroglyphical character. This, after writing to and receiving a reply from Philips the publisher, she determines to take to London herself, and starts alone upon her expedition. Having crossed the Channel, the Chester coach deposits her at the Swan with Two Necks, in Lad Lane. Worn out with fatigue, she sits down upon her box to wait until the bustle has subsided and falls fast asleep. A fellow-passenger points her out to the landlord and begs him to look after her. The next day she begins her quest for a publisher, and Philips undertakes the book, but insists upon her cutting it down to four volumes, which slaughter must have considerably damped the satisfaction of our young authoress. With some of the money thus obtained, she buys herself a cloak *à la mode*, and a harp; then, with the remainder in her pocket, journeys back to Ireland.

"The Novice of St. Dominic" obtained some popularity, and will be remembered as being a book read several times by William Pitt during his last illness. A strange work to interest that cold, proud statesman, being, as it was, a perfect specimen of that class of fiction peculiar to the once famous Minerva press, in which the heroes and heroines are of a most impossibly virtuous and seraphic type, in which damsels of supreme loveliness, who never eat or drink anything grosser than fruit and milk, and that in quantities upon which a bird would famish,

in the most terrible dangers and misfortunes, always gush into poetry and song upon their inseparable lute or harp—although how they contrived to carry an instrument about with them in all the flights and hairbreadth 'scapes in which they passed their lives, is something astounding—damsels, persecuted and abducted by barons and their myrmidons of superhuman atrocity. Of such a kind was this novel. But while gushing with sentiment, its author was ambitious to make a display of learning and critical acumen, and the young ladies and gentlemen talked fluently of all the books she had read, and passed judgment upon them, and that in situations where persons in real life would have been too anxious for the safety of their existence to bestow a thought upon such subjects.

Her next production, "The Wild Irish Girl," published in 1806, was a very superior work, and is still occasionally read. Its sentimentalism and high-flown style would be considered excessive, and at times ridiculous, in the present day, but it is full of passion, and was the first of those series of pictures of Irish life, both high and low, and those fervent appeals for justice to Ireland, which were the chief recommendations of her subsequent novels. Glorvina, the heroine, was drawn from herself, and by that name she was thereafter known to her admirers; a flattering picture it was undoubtedly, but still true in its outlines. Sydney Owen, as we have seen, was a rare Irish girl, full of fun and ready wit, laughing and crying in a breath, sentimental and romantic, but with an eye to the main chance—by no means uncommon to the natives of Erin. Here is a capital pen-and-ink sketch of her drawn by her own hand some years later:

"SEPTEMBER 1811.

"Inconsiderate and indiscreet, never saved by prudence, but often rescued by pride; often on the very verge of error, but never passing the line. Committing myself in every way—except in my own esteem—without any command over my feelings, my words, or writings, yet full of self-possession as to action and conduct,—once reaching the boundary of right even with my feet on the threshold of wrong; capable, like a carriage-horse, of stopping short, coolly considering the risk I encounter, and turning sharply back for the post from whence I started, feeling myself quite safe, and, in a word, *quitte pour la peur.*"

The fame of "The Wild Irish Girl" rendered its author an eagerly welcomed and desired guest at the best houses in Ireland. A clever, witty, fascinating woman, mistress of herself, uncontrolled by parental authority, and reared from childhood in a free and easy style, must have been strong-minded indeed to have resisted the temptation of that profligate society of which she herself has drawn such vigorous and sometimes coarse pictures; she was an arrant coquette, and, as she acknowledges, often advanced to the very verge of error; but there is no shadow of doubt to be cast upon her assertion — that she never passed the line.

"Patriotic Sketches," a title which explains itself, and "Ida of Athens," a poor novel, quickly followed, and all were written amidst the excitement of the gayest Irish society. It was while on a visit to the house of the Marquis of Abercorn, in 1811, that she first met Charles Morgan, the associate of Jenner in the vaccination crusade, and the marquis's medical adviser. From the first the marchioness set her mind upon making a match between the doctor and the young authoress. Glorvina was tartly tongued, with a caustic wit and a talent for ridicule that rendered her the dread of shy and sensitive young men, of which order was Charles Morgan, and so much was he frightened of these weapons, that, on the first attempt of her ladyship to bring about an introduction, he took flight through the window into the garden. This was quite sufficient to determine our coquette upon adding him to the number of her adorers. The task was not an arduous one, for as soon as the dreaded first plunge was over he fell desperately in love with her. But not she with him, it would seem, for he was somewhat grave for her mercurial temperament. Thanks to the noble match-maker, however, a marriage was soon arranged. But Glorvina was too fond of liberty and flirtation not to delay the consummation. Leaving the Abercorns, she went away to pay visits at Dublin, and was soon in a whirl of pleasure and coquetry that drove her lover nearly mad, and wrung from him a series of passionate and imploring remonstrances, which did not produce much effect upon his erratic lady-love. When at length, she returned, the marchioness was resolved to at once clinch the matter. On the day of her arrival, while she is seated by the fire in the drawing-room, enter Lady Abercorn with a severe expression of

countenance. "Glorvina, come up-stairs directly and be married; there must be no more trifling," is the mandate, in a tone that admits of no argument.

And married she was there and then, and she never had reason to repent the step, for it gave her the best of husbands. He was soon afterwards knighted, and Sydney Owenson became Lady Morgan. Strange to relate, Olivia had also married a doctor, who was also knighted, and she became Lady Clarke. Sir Charles soon retired from the practice of his profession and applied himself to literature, assisting in the composition of several of his wife's books, and publishing some medical works besides. His lady continued to work hard with her pen. "O'Donnel," perhaps the best of her romances, was her first publication after her marriage; then followed "France," a vivid and brilliant if faulty book, which brought down upon her torrents of abuse from critics and hostile politicians. But France had been during so many years a *terra incognita* to the English, and it had undergone such a marvellous transformation since the days of the *ancien régime*, that almost any work upon the subject was certain to be read with the greatest avidity. In "Florence Macarthy," her next novel, she revenged herself upon the most formidable of her critics, Wilson Croker, by gibbeting him in the character of Townshend Crawley. If the language of this work be a little too high-flown for modern taste, the dissertations on Irish grievances a little tedious, there are a romantic interest in the story, a warmth of tone, and a vividness about the characters, although it must be confessed that several are little better than caricatures and the greater number are exaggerated, that render it infinitely more entertaining than four-fifths of the novels of the present day. The Ireland of that period, if the colors be a little overcharged by patriotism, is drawn with great power. We have not the wild, rollicking humor of Lever in Lady Morgan's stories; her humor is more caustic, more bitterly national, but we question whether he ever gave us anything finer than O'Leary, the hedge schoolmaster, or the Crawley family.

But "The Wild Irish Girl" is now become a sober matron, and as such has passed beyond the limits of this paper. She made a considerable amount of money by her various writings, for publishers found her hard and merciless in driving a bargain — one who would have

to the last penny of her value, and more than once something beyond it. From the date of her marriage until 1838 she resided a part of each year in Dublin; but after that she finally settled in London. In her saloons and those of Gore and Holland Houses were held the last literary reunions, those brilliant assemblies of men of culture which, as an institution, have ceased to exist.

Sir Charles died in 1843, but his lady, although by several years his senior, survived until 1859.

From Nature.

THE HISTORY OF WRITING.*

I HAVE promised to speak to you to-night on a large subject, one which, to be treated adequately, would require, not a single lecture or a single hour, but many lectures and many days. The history of writing is in great measure the history of the human mind; just as anything like real abstract thought is impossible without language of some kind, so, too, without writing it is difficult to conceive of a progressive civilization or a developed culture. The trained memory is no doubt able to accomplish marvellous feats, as we may learn from the Hindus, who have preserved by means of it, through long centuries, not only poems, but even scientific works as well; nevertheless, the memory has a limit, and I think most of us would be sorry to trust to it alone for the record of our own thoughts and discoveries, much less those of others. If language gave man the power of continuous thought, writing has enabled him to develop and make use of it.

There is a striking analogy between the history of language and the history of writing. Both have sprung from a humble origin. Language began with a few sounds and cries which symbolized and expressed an equally small number of ideas; writing began with pictures of such objects as fell within the experience of the first draughtsmen. How early this was in the history of our race has recently been disclosed to us by archaeological research. Like the child, primitive man amused himself by drawing pictures of the things he saw about him, and like precocious children sometimes showed remarkable talent in practising the art.

The drawings of reindeer and other animals, scratched by means of rude flint implements on reindeer-horns or mammoth-tusks, which have been found in the caves of France and our own country, are frequently of high merit, and prove that considerable skill in the art of drawing may coexist with the lowest savagery in other respects. It is a lesson that we might already have learnt from the Eskimo, whose etchings on whalebone are not unworthy of European artists, or from the Bushmen of South Africa, who have long excelled in painting animal forms on the smooth surfaces of rocks. But these contemporaries of the reindeer and the mammoth, who belonged to what is termed the age of polished stone tools, when England and France were still enfolded for six months of the year in a garment of glaciers and solid ice, were not the first in the West who practised the art of drawing. A remarkable discovery, made during the past year in the region of the Pyrenees, has shown that long before then, in the days when the cave-bear and hyæna and other extinct monsters of the old world still existed, and when the geography of Europe differed widely from that of our own time, there were men who employed their leisure in depicting the animals about them as well as themselves. A number of teeth belonging to the cave-bear have been discovered in a cave of the palæolithic or "old-stone" period, adorned with drawings, some of which represent human beings, covered, let it be observed, with long hair like the mammoth. I have sometimes fancied that language itself may have owed its first start and progress to pictorial aid. It is said that two Chinamen, in despair of understanding each other through the help of a language which has to denote so many different ideas by the same sound, have been known to have recourse to writing; and most of us remember when our own efforts to learn to read, and in some cases to increase our acquaintance with our mother-tongue, were assisted by the use of pictures. An appeal to the eye is surer and more impressive than an appeal to the ear, and we recognize objects more readily by their pictures than by their names. After all, therefore, it may not be a paradox to imagine that the beginnings of writing may be older than the beginnings of language, that men drew pictures before they uttered articulate sounds.

However this may be, the development

* Lecture at the London Institution, February 12, by Prof. A. H. Sayce.

of writing was soon far outstripped by that of language. Language enabled man to create and record *ideas*; the pictures he made were pictures of objects only. Until he could represent to the eye ideas as well as objects, his writing was a very poor affair indeed. It is only by courtesy that it can be called writing at all. But a time came when a great step forward was made. The ideas that had to be supplied when combining the pictures of several objects into a story gradually came to be read into the pictures themselves. A pair of legs, for instance, came to signify not only a man's legs but the idea of walking as well. Writing began to pass out of its infantile stage; to cease to be merely pictorial and to become ideographic.

This is the point at which the development of writing has stopped among some races of men. Thus certain of the North American Indians have long possessed a means of communicating with one another, and of inscribing magical charms and exorcisms on rocks or the bark of trees, by means of pictures and ideographs. When these hieroglyphs, as we may term them, are painted, the system of writing is called Kekinowin, and some of the pictorial symbols employed in it are curious enough. A warrior, for example, is represented by the picture of the sun, with eyes, and nose, and two pendent lines, because he ought to be as bold and strong as the great luminary of day. A hand held upwards with the fingers extended denotes death, and a series of circles one within the other signifies time. This system of writing has been developed to such an extent among the Mikmaks, that a religious work has been published at Vienna entirely written in it, and containing no less than five thousand seven hundred and one different signs.

As soon as writing advances to the ideographic stage, the exact delineation of outward objects naturally ceases to be necessary. When once it has been determined that a pair of legs should express the idea of walking, the accurate drawing of the legs is no longer a matter of consequence. The two lines of an angle could represent the idea just as effectually as a carefully-drawn pair of legs. The memory and intelligence have been appealed to as well as the eye, and we can as easily remember that the idea of walking is denoted by two lines as by two legs. Consequently we shall find that as soon as the ideographic stage of writing is reached, the forms of its symbols begin

to degenerate. Just as the sounds of which words are composed are worn away in time by phonetic decay without any necessary impairment of their meaning, so, too, the forms of characters grow changed and modified without injury to their significance. It takes less trouble to represent the human figure by a couple of crossed lines than by an elaborate picture, and if the symbol remains intelligible, the less troublesome representation inevitably supersedes the older one. Pictures pass into ideographs not only as regards their inner sense, but also in their outward form.

The great discovery has thus been made. Ideas can be rendered intelligible to the eye not by calling up pictures of objects, but by arbitrarily determining that a particular sign shall stand for a particular idea. The pictures of primitive man have become characters. It is no longer the outward senses but the memory that is appealed to. In short, a system of writing has been invented which can be learned like a language. All that now remains is to perfect the invention, to discover how the whole realm of human ideas can be expressed by the fewest and simplest signs.

But the development and perfecting of the invention was a slow and gradual process. When we look back upon past ages it seems strange to us that the characters were not at once reduced to an alphabet, the letters of which denoted mere sounds. We may ask why it was that men were so long in finding out that it is quite as easy to symbolize sounds as to symbolize what is still more impalpable, namely, ideas. What seems obvious to us, however, was by no means obvious before the knowledge and experience which we inherit was slowly and laboriously acquired. No great discovery is ever made at once, by a leap as it were. It must be prepared for and led up to; the time, as we say, must be ripe for it. And the history of writing is the same as that of all other great discoveries. It was a long time before men began to realize that our system of writing may be intelligible to others even if we do not try to represent ideas at all. As ideas multiplied it was found impossible to find separate characters for each of them, much less to remember them all. At first the difficulty was evaded by combining two or more ideographs together in order to express a new idea, which was analyzed into others already known and represented in writing.

Thus the ancient Babylonians had separate characters to denote "water" and "eye;" by combining these they succeeded in suggesting to the mind of the reader the notion of a "tear." So, again, as the sun was symbolized by a circle, a month was readily represented by writing within the circle the numeral thirty, which signified the thirty days of the lunar month.

This mode of expressing ideas may be termed classificatory. Ideas were arranged in classes, one under the other, and just as we define an idea by making it a species of some other or more comprehensive idea, new ideographs were formed by setting two or more side by side, one to denote the genus, the other the species. Thus, as Dr. Legge has shown, "a wife" is represented in the ancient Chinese writing by the two ideographs of "woman" and "broom," the Chinese conception of a careful housewife being that of one who keeps the house clean by constant sweeping. So, too, in the hieroglyphic system out of which the cuneiform characters of Babylonia and Assyria sprang, the ideographs of "great" and "man" stood for "a king," who was regarded as a special member of the genus "man." The idea of "father," again, was picturesquely expressed as "the maker of the nest," and that of "prison" as "house of darkness."

But after all there was a limit to the number of ideas which could be represented ideographically. As civilization and culture progressed, pictorial writing found it difficult to keep pace with the new ideas which were being continually called into existence. And even if means were discovered for representing them all, the burden upon the memory became excessive and intolerable, a lifetime was required to learn a system of writing which attempted to denote by separate pictures or groups of pictures the manifold conceptions of civilized life. A civilized people, moreover, is necessarily brought into contact with its neighbors. It may try to shut itself up in silent isolation, like the Egyptians of the old empire or the Japanese of a more modern day, but sooner or later the nations which surround it will force themselves upon its attention, if not in the way of peace, at all events by war. Then comes the question, how to express in writing foreign proper names which have no meaning in the language of those who would record them? There is only one answer to

the question, only one solution of the difficulty. We must cease trying to represent objects and ideas, and must represent words, that is, sounds instead. The day on which this fact dawned upon the human intelligence was one of the most important in the history of our race. An alphabet became possible, and with it the almost unlimited power of expressing the thoughts and needs of mankind.

But it took some time yet before the possibility was realized. Great discoveries, as I have before said, are not made all at once; simple as they seem when once made, they must be led up to slowly and step by step. An alphabet was preceded by a syllabary, that is, by a system of characters each of which denoted not a single sound but a syllable. It was almost inevitable that it should have been so. We do not naturally divide our words into individual sounds but into syllables, and a syllable often stands for a word. This was especially the case with the languages of the three leading inventors of writing, the Chinese, the Egyptians, and the Accadian population of primitive Chaldea. Many of the ideographs, therefore, used by these nations represented not only ideas but also single syllables, and it was obvious that they might be employed to express both. In Accadian, for instance, the word *bat* signified "to die," and was represented by a picture of a corpse; but *bat* also meant "fortress," and so what was originally the picture of a corpse came to be inserted in the picture of "an enclosure" when the latter was intended to denote a fortress or citadel.

As soon as the fashion had been set of assigning to characters as phonetic values their pronunciation as ideographs, it rapidly spread until every character came to have a purely phonetic value attached to it, as well as an ideographic one. The process was, no doubt, much aided by the decay and decomposition of the old pictures; it was easier to treat a character which had lost its original pictorial form as a mere representative of a syllable than one which still remained a faithful image of some natural object. But the process was attended by one great drawback. Ideographs, as we have seen, might stand for more than one idea, or the same idea might be known under different names; when, therefore, the old system of ideographs was changed into a syllabary, each ideograph represented more than one syllable. The polyphony or power possessed by each character of denoting several phonetic

values, which resulted from this, has been a great stumbling-block to the decipherers of the inscriptions of Egypt and Assyria, and has only gradually been removed. It was also a stumbling-block to the Egyptians and Assyrians themselves, and various devices were adopted for avoiding it. Why it was never determined to take it out of the way altogether by restricting each character to the expression of a single syllable, was probably due to the same cause as that which makes ourselves cling so tenaciously to our own polyphonus alphabet, the innate conservatism, I mean, of the human mind. At any rate, it was left to a later age and to the foreign borrowers of the Assyrian syllabary to make an improvement which seems to us at once so obvious and so necessary. Up to the last, therefore, an Assyrian character could not only be used ideographically, but also as the representative of several distinct and different sounds. Take, for instance, the character which, as we have seen, meant originally a corpse. As the usual word in Accadian for "a corpse" was *bat*, *bat* remained the usual phonetic value of the character, but besides denoting *bat* it also denoted the syllables *til*, *mit* and *be*, and might be used to express any one of these sounds whenever the writer willed.

In the eighth century before our era, the Assyrian mode of writing was adopted by the tribes which at that time occupied Armenia on the north, and Media on the east, and the first great reform was introduced into it by restricting each character to the expression of a single syllable. In order to express syllables, however, a good many characters were required; by the side of *ba*, for example, it was necessary to have a *bi*, a *be*, and a *bu*, and accordingly, every one who wished to learn to read and write was obliged to have a good memory. It was reserved for the Persians to make the last improvement in the cuneiform system of writing by ingeniously extracting an alphabet out of it. And the way in which they went to work was this. A certain number of characters was taken, their signification as ideographs translated into Persian, and the particular sound with which each of these Persian words began was assigned to the character as its alphabetic value.

What it required the combined labors of several different races and nations to effect in the case of the cuneiform characters of Assyria and Babylonia was effected unaided and alone by the wonder-

ful people of ancient Egypt. The Ashmolean Museum at Oxford contains one of the oldest monuments of civilization in the world, if indeed it is not the very oldest. This is the lintel-stone of a tomb which formed the last resting-place of an official who lived in the time of King Sent, of the second dynasty, whose date is placed by M. Mariette more than six thousand years ago. The stone is covered with that delicate and finished sculpture which distinguished the earliest period of Egyptian history, and was immeasurably superior to the stiff and conventional art of the later ages of Egypt which we are accustomed to see in our European museums. But it is also covered with something more precious still than sculpture, with hieroglyphics which show that even at that remote epoch Egyptian writing was a complete and finished art, with long ages of previous development lying behind it. The hieroglyphic characters are already used not only pictorially and ideographically, but also to express syllables and alphabetic letters, the name of the king, for instance, being spelled alphabetically. In the hands of the Egyptian scribes, however, Egyptian writing never made any further progress. With the fall of what is called the old empire (about B.C. 3500) the freshness and expansive force of the people passed away. Egyptian life and thought became fossilized, and through the long series of centuries that followed, Egypt resembled one of its own mummies, faithfully preserving the form and features of a past age and of a life which had ceased to beat in its veins. Until the introduction of Christianity the only change undergone by Egyptian writing was the invention of a running-hand, which in its earlier and simpler form is called hieratic, and in its later form demotic.

But what the Egyptians themselves failed to do was done by a body of enterprising and inquisitive strangers. For some centuries after the fall of the old empire Egypt was given over to decay and intestine troubles, and when it again emerges into the light of history it is under the princes of hundred-gated Thebes in the period known as that of the middle empire. It was while these princes were adorning Thebes with temples and granite colossi, and excavating tombs for themselves in the rocks of Beni-Hassan, that a small party of immigrants, only thirty-seven in all, arrived in the Delta about twenty-seven hundred years before the

Christian era. They were shepherds and cowherds from the coast of Phœnicia or Palestine, and as it were with an instinctive realization of the great part their kinsfolk were afterwards to play in the history of Egypt, their arrival was commemorated in painting and hieroglyphics on the walls of one of the tombs at Beni-Hassan. There we may still see them portrayed in vermilion and ochre, and trace in their hooked noses and black hair the features of the shepherd-kings who subsequently held northern Egypt under their sway for six hundred years, as well as of the children of Israel and the later population of the Delta. For a time came when the Egyptians were driven out of the rich and fertile lands of the Delta, the first seat of their power and civilization, and their places taken by the traders of Tyre and Sidon and the agricultural tribes of southern Canaan. Henceforward the Delta received a new name among the subjects of the Pharaohs; it was called Caphtor or "Greater Phœnicia," since here the Phœnician Semites found a richer territory and broader lands in which to expand than in their own narrow coast-line at home.

It is to these Phœnician settlers that we owe our present alphabet. They were, as I have said, an enterprising people, and their commercial business soon taught them the value of the writing of which their Egyptian neighbors were possessed. But as became men of business they were a practical people as well as an enterprising one; they felt none of that conservative reverence for the past which prevented change and innovation among the Egyptians, and so when they went to school in Egyptian learning they carried back with them not the whole cumbrous hieroglyphic system with its ideographs, its syllabic values, and its polyphony, but its alphabet only. All else was discarded; they found twenty-two characters sufficient to express all their thoughts and speech, and twenty-two characters only they accordingly kept. These twenty-two characters constitute the so-called Phœnician alphabet, which was handed on by the Phœnicians on the one side to the Hebrews, and on the other side to the Greeks, from whom it has descended through the Romans to ourselves. The Egyptian characters were borrowed by the Phœnicians of the Delta, not in their hieroglyphic but in their hieratic forms, as two or three examples will make self-evident.

The new alphabet eventually made its

way from the Delta to the old home of the Phœnicians on the coast of Palestine. Already in the time of David the Syrians had their historians and State annals, and Hiram of Tyre, we are told, wrote letters to King Solomon. The Phœnician alphabet, as we may now call it, was communicated to the Israelites along with other elements of culture, and the neighboring populations of Edom, of Ammon, and of Moab received it at the same time. Names had already been given to the letters, derived from Phœnician words which began with the several letters of the alphabet, *a*, for instance, being called *aleph*, "an ox," *b*, *bêth*, "a house," and so on. In this way the meaning of each letter was the more easily impressed upon the memory of the Phœnician schoolboy, just as in our own nurseries it used to be thought that we should have less difficulty in learning our alphabet if we were taught that "A was an archer who shot at a frog," than if we were simply told that A was A. Names and letters alike were imported into the countries that adjoined Phœnicia, and in course of time inscriptions in the new characters were engraved upon stone, as well as painted on the more perishable materials of papyrus or bark. The earliest monument of the Phœnician alphabet that has come down to us is the famous Moabite Stone, discovered a few years ago on the site of Dibon, which records the conquests and buildings of King Mesha, the contemporary of Ahab. The forms assumed by the characters upon this stone must have been the same as those employed by the Jewish prophets when writing down their prophecies or recording the history of their times.

Meanwhile the northern neighbors of the Phœnicians, who lived on the shores of the Gulf of Antioch, had been venturing on trading voyages into the far west and carrying with them a knowledge of the alphabet along with the wares and pottery of the East. They had found the inhabitants of Asia Minor and the adjacent islands in possession of a syllabary, the origin of which is still a puzzle, but as they pushed further westward into the islands of the Ægean and the harbors of Greece, they discovered a people wholly illiterate and unacquainted even with the rudiments of picture-writing. Amongst this people whom we now term Greeks, they soon established colonies, the most important being at Thebes, and in the islands of Melos and Thera. The island of Thera was probably the first

spot on European soil where words were translated into written symbols. The earliest Greek inscriptions, it is believed by competent authorities, belong to Thera, and the alphabet of these inscriptions is the oldest alphabet of which we know. The forms of the characters in it bear so close a resemblance to those on the Moabite stone as to justify us in concluding that the parent alphabet from which those of Thera and of Moab were both derived, was the same, and that the date of the inscriptions of Thera was not far distant from that of the inscription of King Mesha. In this case the alphabet would have been introduced into Greece in the ninth century B.C.

The Greeks themselves believed that the old Phœnician colony in Bœotian Thebes was the source and centre from which the alphabet was spread throughout the country. Kadmus, "the Eastern," for such is the meaning of his name, was its mythical inventor, though later legends told how the crafty Palamedes and the poet Simonides subsequently added fresh letters. But these legends are all the fables of the literary age; the kernel of truth they contain is the fact that the Greek alphabet came from Phœnicia. It is a fact, indeed, to which the word *alphabet* itself still bears witness; *alphabet*, or *alpha*, *beta*, the two first letters of the alphabet, are both, as we have seen, Phœnician words.

It would be tedious and unnecessary to follow out the fortunes of the alphabet when once it had made good its settlement on European soil. The forms, and in some cases the values, of the characters gradually changed, and many of them underwent particular modifications in different parts of the Greek world. A little practice enables us at once to determine, by merely looking at the forms of the letters, to what special branch of the Greek race an inscription belongs.

Like the Phœnicians before them, the Greeks repaid the benefit they had received by handing on their alphabet to nations still further west. The Greek colonies in Sicily and southern Italy being mostly of Doric descent, brought with them the Doric alphabet, and accordingly the natives of southern Italy, when they first began to write, used the Doric alphabet of their Greek neighbors. Hence it is that the Latins and ourselves after them attach a tail to the letter *R*, which was wanting in the old alphabet of Phœnicia; hence, too, we have inherited from the Romans the letter *Q*, which had

been lost in all the Greek alphabets except that of Dorian origin. On the other hand, the Etruscans, that mysterious people of northern Italy, who exercised so profound an influence upon the infant civilization of Rome, learned the art of moulding and decorating vases from the potters of Athens, and since the latter were in the habit of inscribing the names of the gods and heroes they depicted above the representations of them the Etruscans learned at the same time the old Attic or Ionic alphabet. We need only place the alphabets of Etruria and Athens side by side to be convinced of this fact. *R*, for instance, is represented in both by the tailless *P*, we look in vain in both for a *Q*, and the two distinct symbols that once stood for the gutturals *c* and *k* are amalgamated into one. Alphabets, like words, if rightly questioned, can be made to tell their own history as well as that of the people who employed them.

The alphabets of western Europe are the lineal descendants of that of Rome. Our capital letters are identical with those inscribed on the monuments of the Eternal City, and we can trace by the help of contemporaneous documents the successive changes which have transformed these capitals into the smaller type of the printing-press or the letters of our running-hand.

But in borrowing or deriving an alphabet from another people one great difficulty has always to be encountered. The pronunciation of no two peoples is exactly the same, nay, generally speaking, it differs very widely. Consequently the sounds attached by the one people to the letters of their alphabet will not in all cases agree with those attached to the same letters by the other. It will often happen, moreover, that sounds will be wanting in one language which are common in another. In borrowing an alphabet, therefore, it will be necessary to do more than simply transfer it; it must be adapted, just as the pronunciation of French words like *Paris* or *Marseilles* has been adapted to the genius of English pronunciation. New sounds have to be given to the old letters, new letters have to be invented or formed out of old ones, while some of the old letters may be dropped altogether. It is not often, however, that an alphabet has been adopted and adapted in so scientific a manner as to make it express even approximately all the varieties of sound peculiar to the language of the borrow-

ers. Generally speaking, the adaptation has been of a rough-and-ready kind, and those who use it have been contented if the words they utter are made fairly intelligible when written in it. Often, too, the alphabet has not been consciously and deliberately introduced among an illiterate people or a race which has hitherto employed a different mode of writing. Most of our west-European alphabets have gradually grown into what they are through the slowly-working force of time and circumstances and the successive attempts of individuals to improve them. We cannot say, for instance, with any real truth, that our English alphabet has been borrowed and adapted in the same sense in which it has itself been borrowed and adapted for representing the sounds of a Polynesian dialect. From the time that it was first introduced into these islands under the form of the so-called Anglo-Saxon alphabet it has had a continuous history, a history of slow and sometimes almost imperceptible change and development, which, if allowed to have gone on without check and hindrance, would have resulted in a tolerably serviceable instrument for representing and recording our words. But unfortunately its natural development was suddenly checked nearly four hundred years ago by the invention of printing. The necessities of the printing-press stereotyped the alphabet and spelling of the time with all their imperfections, and, what is more, stereotyped the pronunciation of words which that spelling endeavored to symbolize. It was in vain that a healthy spirit of independence long continued to prevail among that large section of educated Englishmen who were neither printers, authors, nor schoolmasters, and that as late as the end of the last century it was considered no disgrace for a cultivated member of the aristocracy to spell in any way he might think fit. We have only to examine the original manuscripts left by some of the most distinguished Englishmen of the eighteenth century to discover that they were still able to assert the liberty of private spelling against the tyranny of the printing-press.

For a language and its pronunciation must change from generation to generation in spite of all the efforts of printers and pedants to put them into a straight waistcoat. We have only to use our ears to perceive that the pronunciation of cultivated English is even at the present moment slowly, but surely, undergoing alteration. I wonder how many here this

evening still cling like myself to the old pronunciation of *either* and *neither*, and have not yet passed over to the ever-multiplying camp of those who change the pure vowel of the first syllable into a diphthong, or agree with the poet-laureate in accenting *contemplate* and *retinue* after the fashion of our grandfathers? So long as a language lives it *must* grow and change like a living organism, and until this fact is recognized by our schoolmasters, our boys will never realize the true nature of the language they speak and the grammar they learn in childhood. The change that has passed over the pronunciation of English since the days of Shakespeare is greater than can be easily conceived. Were he to come to life again among us, the English that we speak would be almost as unintelligible to him as an Australian jargon, in spite of the fact that our vocabulary and grammar differ but slightly from his. But a familiar word sounds strangely when its pronunciation is altered ever so little, and when the outward form of a whole group of words is thus changed, the most skilled philologist would find himself at fault.

Can anything, therefore, be more absurd than an endeavor to mummify an extinct phase of pronunciation, especially when the mummy-shroud was at its best but a rude and inadequate covering which portrayed but faintly and distantly the features of the corpse beneath? English spelling has become a mere series of arbitrary enigmas, an enshrinement of the wild guesses and etymologies of a pre-scientific age and the hap-hazard caprice of ignorant printers. It is good for little else but to disguise our language, to hinder education, and to suggest false etymologies. We spell, we know not why, except that it is so ordained in dictionaries. When Voltaire was told that *a-g-u-e* was pronounced *ague*, and *p-l-a-g-u-e* *plague*, he said he wished the *ague* would take one-half the English language and the *plague* the other half; but the fault lay not with the English language, but with English spelling.

Ignorance is the cause of our bad spelling, as it is the cause of most of the mischiefs which afflict the world. The brief sketch of the history of writing we have been studying to-night has shown us the goal at which writing should aim, the end in which the labors of previous generations should find their fulfilment. Writing should represent clearly, tersely, and as nearly as possible the individual sounds of words, and unless it does this

it has not advanced much beyond those infantile stages of growth through which we have watched it struggling to pass. The principal sounds of a language should each have a special symbol set apart to denote them, and each symbol should denote one sound, and one sound only. We ought never to hesitate for a moment over the pronunciation of a proper name or a word we have never heard pronounced. Until we have an alphabet which fulfils these conditions, our system of writing is still imperfect and misleading, and our civilization on this side is less advanced than that of the ancient Hindus. We may well envy the rude races of the Pacific or southern America, for whom the missionaries have provided adequate and rational alphabets in which to write their first essays in literature. An alphabet which allows us to express the sound of *e* in thirteen different ways, which has no special symbols for such common sounds as *th* in *then* or *a* in *man*, and yet possesses otiose and needless letters like *c* and *x* is unworthy of its name, and still more of being the final result of all that toil and thought which first worked out the Phœnician alphabet and then fitted it to express the idioms of Athens and Rome. We are sometimes told that to reform our alphabet would destroy the etymologies of our words. Ignorance, again, is the cause of so rash a statement. The science of etymology deals with sounds, not with letters, and no true etymology is possible where we do not know the exact way in which words are pronounced. The whole science of comparative philology is based on the assumption that the ancient Hindus and Greeks and Romans and Goths spelt pretty nearly as they pronounced, in other words were the happy possessors of real alphabets. It lies with ourselves to determine whether we, too, shall be equally happy. The spread of education which we are witnessing, and the general interest taken in it, afford an exceptionally favorable opportunity for breaking the yoke of bondage in which the printers have kept us. If our board-schools are to be tied down to the particular mode of spelling advocated by Walker or some other maker of unscientific dictionaries, the opportunity will have been lost, and the yoke of bondage will be bound more tightly round the necks of our children than it is even round our own. I know the practical difficulties that lie in the way of reform, but I know also that they are not insurmountable. Too often the diffi-

culty is but an excuse for our own lazy disinclination to go to school again and learn to read English in a new way. But it is not by laziness, by shrinking from trouble and exertion, that England has gained the place it now holds among the nations of the world, and the value of a thing is measured by the labor it demands to achieve it. After all, the introduction of a new alphabet is not much to ask for. It is no more than was asked for and obtained by the old Phœnicians of the Delta, by the Greeks, by the Romans, nay, by our own ancestors also. And many of them, too, had to give up their cherished idols before they could accept it; I fancy it must have cost the Anglo-Saxon cutter of runes as hard a struggle to adopt the new-fangled alphabet of the Roman missionaries as it may cost some of us to give up the alphabet of the printers for one which would fitly express our own splendid inheritance of speech. But let there be no mistake upon the matter; it is not a reformed spelling, as is often erroneously and injudiciously said, but a reformed alphabet that is required. We cannot work to good purpose with imperfect and worn-out instruments. High farming needs steam-ploughs, and not the primitive instrument of the Egyptian peasant. If the history of writing has taught us anything, it is that writing is perfectible, and that what was done in old days by those whose civilization we are apt to consider inferior to our own can be done also by ourselves.

From The Spectator.

QUARRELS IN A LIBRARY.

IF evils are to be measured by duration rather than by intensity, a quarrel with a favorite book is of the worst. There is a pertinacity of malice about a book which is equalled by nothing else; and if a quarrel is once well begun, it never comes to an end, at least by any concession, or graceful consideration for your feelings, on the part of the volume. You may give way, change your mind, or forget all about the matter, if nature put soft stuff into the making of you; but if you are as obstinate as your author, the cause of offence is eternal. He will retract nothing, soften or alter nothing; and will never fail to open at the objectionable passage, as often as you take him down from the shelves.

It may be a kind of high treason to let

the public into the secret of the malicious tricks which books pass upon their best lovers. It is to be feared that we are betraying a secret which has been kept carefully within library walls, by those who have had much conversation there. According to most writers who have treated of the subject, the facts are all the other way; and no companions are so blameless, so impossible to quarrel with, as books. Lord Macaulay has eloquently expressed the common view, in the passage in his essay on Lord Bacon, which every one has read, and which therefore need not be quoted. Probably Macaulay was sincere, for the malice of books is not able to penetrate the shield of faith in oneself. But in the case of others, it is impossible to think that they are telling us the whole truth; there must be a side to their intercourse with books which they carefully keep to themselves. Burton, for example, who has collected every other possible cause of melancholy, never alludes to this. No doubt, he makes study "a cause;" but only in those "poor scholars who have lost their wits, or become dizards, neglecting all worldly affairs, and their own health, wealth, *esse* and *bene esse*, to gain knowledge." Books were his constant, and in some sense his dreaded, companions, since he knew well how irritable they are; and he dared not speak his whole mind about them. He could safely assert that too great study is a source of mischief, because this only amounts to saying that the best things turn bad with over-use; and is, in fact, complimentary, as implying the mighty power of books. But he was very far from venturing to show how books torment even those who can say, with Erasmus, "*His oblecto me, non macero*:" "Books are my friends, not my task-masters." In the section on "Exercise Rectified," Burton makes the judicious use of books a prime remedy against melancholy, and cites the wish of James I. that, if he must be a prisoner, he might be shut up in the Bodleian, or some such library, and "be chained together with so many good authors." It may not have occurred to the sapient monarch, but it certainly did to the historian of melancholy that there is "Miching Mallecho," much malice, in the nature of books; only, knowing this so well, Burton took good care not to say it.

But we appeal from these assertions and omissions to the experience of any one who has quarrelled in downright earnest with a book. A difference with a

friend—a friend clothed by the tailor or the milliner, we mean, not the binder—is not eternal. Let us say that the matter in dispute is an argument about a question of fact or taste. If you are right, as of course you are sure to be, your reasons may not be accepted at the time, but they will have more or less weight in the long run. Your opponent may not admit that he or she is wrong, but he will probably avoid for the future the faulty argument or the solecism which was the cause of offence. But if you fall into a similar difference of opinion with a book, "the Lord give thee a good deliverance," as the clerk used to say to the prisoner at assizes. If the book is one that you constantly use, there it is and will be on your bookshelves; *sedet, aeternumque sedebit*, with an undying power of aggravation. You had trusted it, as a sure guide in some path of inquiry which you particularly affect, or as a constant source of witty, humorous, or pathetic pleasure. One day you light on an argument that is glaringly false, a statement obviously untrue, a jingling rhyme, or an offence against grammar. From that moment there is no peace. You lift your eyes from the desk, and there is your friend reminding you of the exact page and place in the page where the offensive sentence lies. You have treated him well. He came to you in ragged garments, and you clothed him according to your means, not extravagantly in whole binding, but "with morocco backs ever," as Lamb judiciously recommends. And now, whenever you want him to expound a difficulty or smooth away a care, he, in his malice, insists upon the one passage which you quarrelled about years ago. This is the study of which somebody, whom no one ever met with outside the "Anatomy of Melancholy," professes "that the mind is erected thereby from all worldly cares, and hath much quiet and tranquillity!"

No doubt the characters of books are as various as those of men, and there are some so genial, so peace-loving and peace-giving, that it is difficult to fasten a quarrel upon them. But, even with the best of books, those who irritate them must take the consequences, for they will neither forget nor forgive. Thus, no author is more restful than Homer. No refuge from worries is more perfect than a walk with Andromache on the walls of Troy, or a voyage in the ship of Ulysses. Yet those who in reading Homer have neglected the sound principle of one of his commentators, "*Haec non sunt ad*

vivum resecanda”—that is, do not pare your author's meaning to the quick—will surely get into trouble. A certain unsolved problem, about the land where the ways of day and night are near together, troubles our perfect enjoyment of Homer. Again, no one could accuse Milton of malice; he was far too great for that. Yet the “bush with frizzled hair implicit,” has involved itself in the structure of the poem ever since it first brought to us the scent of a barber's shop. Here is to be noted the common mistake that a man's spirit lives in his book, as Pedro Garcias' soul in his gold. “With the dead there is no rivalry, in the dead there is no change,” says Macaulay. Certainly, it is not Homer or Milton who delights to thrust at us the passages that puzzle or are distasteful to us. The quarrel is a wholly personal affair between the reader and the volumes; it is in the books themselves, not in their great authors, long dead and gone, that the spirit of mischief lives. We have ventured to take exception to a passage, we have been unlucky enough to find a blot, as when, amid the pure poetry of Drummond, one finds an epigram that is simply and entirely nasty. The offence of our discovery is never forgotten, and is thrown in our teeth every time we open, or so much as dare to look at, the book.

It will not, let us hope, be objected that we can more easily get rid of a book that offends us than of a friend with whom we have quarrelled; that we have only to leave the volume alone, or sell it for what it will fetch. That would be a gross and carnal objection, and could come only from one naturally insensible to the spiritual bond between reader and book. We are not thinking of those books which we read once, and then fling aside forever. We may lightly dislike them without hurtful consequences, just as we may call upon a casual acquaintance, exchange cards, and go no further. The books which have power to torment us are essential parts of our lives. Sometimes they are tools which we use in our daily work, books which guide us towards the result at which we aim. We had trusted them for right thinking and accurate reference, until one day a violation of principles which had been clearly laid down, an illogical sentence, or a misquotation, brings a great black line across the covenant of our friendship. Or else they are still more intimate companions, in whom we had trusted to find nothing but rest and enjoyment. There is no possible

question of divorcing them a *mensâ et thoro*; but they know their advantage; and if they contain a passage which can be made a thorn in our flesh, they use it, with a spiteful pertinacity of which only a book is capable.

From Nature.

SOMETHING ABOUT MILK.

A SPECULATOR upon the possible fluctuations of that inscrutable phase of human attribute which we know as “fashion” or “custom” might find material for a lucubration of no small interest in a forecast of probable results, supposing the influence exercised by it on many of our largest branches of trade were to extend itself to certain others which appear thus far to have escaped it, and are therefore more or less unprepared to encounter one of its eccentric revolutions.

And yet in an age when the successive crazes for novelty are certainly as rampant as ever they were among the *haut monde* of the ultra-æsthetic Greek metropolis, it is hardly safe to reckon upon the endurance of any purely customary feature of life merely on the strength of its universality or even its long standing. Probably not one man in a thousand takes the trouble to realize to himself the degree in which many of our most indispensable demands are really maintained by conventional habit. And in no instance is this more likely to escape appreciation than in that of the so-called “necessaries,” whose “intermittent service” is as much taken for granted as the return of daylight.

The milk-supply of any large centre of population, to be anything like efficient, must rest upon a series of conditions so various, so complicated, and so linked together, that probably no one unacquainted with the details of both the material itself and the machinery of its delivery, has any idea of the extent to which the dislocation of any one of them might entangle the whole. Complex and unstable in its physical constitution to a degree far beyond any other of the “perishables” in hourly requisition, milk of every description is for this very reason in tenfold greater risk of imparting a shock to the foundations of its trade if society should happen to rush into any modification of its conventional uses. Every one is prepared to awaken in the morning to a sense that the world has

decreed a new system of *coiffure*, or set up another Dagon of form or color since last night; but should the popular vote be found to have discarded the teaspoonful of cow's milk which the habit of years has mingled with certain sups of boiling vegetable infusion, and which in fifty cases out of a hundred bears as trivial a part in the actual nutriment of the body as it does in the gratification of the palate—surely we have but a faint conception of the dismay which would greet the reduction of the milk-supply by some thousands of tons daily, from a cause so easily conceivable.

The miniature ocean of milk in consumption during every four-and-twenty hours in the United States alone has approached, if not exceeded, two hundred millions of gallons; a quantity approximately sufficient to fill the Grand Junction Canal half way from London to Birmingham, with something to spare for locks and evaporation. We may picture to ourselves society stretching itself one dull morning and observing that after all this antiquated "fad" of mixing a dribble of milk with the infusions of tea or coffee is a very curious one—difficult to trace, and still harder to account for. Indeed our doctors and chemists are telling us that many of the choicest qualities of milk are annihilated by contact with a hot liquid, and that in the particular case of tea it is even so far decomposed, or recomposed, that it is absolutely not milk at all that reaches our digestive organs, but a mixture of semi-saponified fats with an entirely new compound of curds and tannin. As a correspondent of one of the food journals has aptly observed, "There may be nothing like leather, but a leather lining to one's stomach is hardly an illustration of the eternal fitness of things."

"The habit is really a culpable waste, and it is time we laid our heads together to blow it up." Then the dairy trade would rise to find its business cut down to one-third of what it was, the demand for milk being suddenly limited to creaming, cookery, and babies, and a vast industry would be upset, until it had perforce adjusted itself to the new requirements.

Upon some few conditions of this order, or rather upon the absence of popular appreciation of them, have grown up several of the standard prejudices on the matter of milk and its value and method of use, which it is often thought impossible to combat, and which therefore it has been the aim of dairies and milk-sellers rather to compromise than to make evi-

dent. It is true that science is still but on the threshold of the subtle changes characteristic of all compounds which originate in the action of vitality; and theories "understood of the people," are not easy of diffusion so far as to bear the fruit of popular common sense. Yet if it were practicable by a sort of bird's-eye view of the whole question to enforce a general apprehension of a few comparatively simple facts, there is no doubt that both the public and the trade would benefit by the disappearance of a tribe of erroneous fears, annoyances, and malpractices which are reciprocally inflicted on both parties. And this with the result that the natural use of fresh milk would commend itself to the world in such a manner as to compensate the hypothetical disorder entailed by any such freak of fashion as above indicated.

Foremost among these easily-defined but little-known facts stands the exceedingly sensitive nature of the material itself, a clear conception of which alone would wipe out many charges against unoffending causes, and prove a natural and inevitable salve for many sore grievances. In the first place it must be distinctly realized that *nearly the whole* of the vast demand made upon milk is, in fact, outside its natural functions; and is, so to speak, *ab initio*, an unfair one. Nature never designed milk for exposure to atmospheric air or variations from its own limits of temperature, its primary purpose being to gently supplement and gradually replace that source of the earliest sustenance which commences from the fountain of life itself. It is scarcely necessary to point out that in the natural process milk is but a transition-compound, evolved directly with the blood, and passed (without delay, exposure, or appreciable change of temperature) from the body of the parent to that of the offspring, there to meet with an immediate assimilation by which the conversion into blood is completed. If practical evidence of this were needed, the chemist and comparative analyst will point with interest to the really very inconsiderable difference both in mechanical and chemical structure which subsists between the two.

Similar also is their behavior when cooled and exposed to the air, save only that the changes occurring in blood show it to be even more susceptible of chemical alteration than milk.

Have we then much reason in our surprise or complaint when this exquisitely delicate compound occasionally resents

the outrageous changes from heat to cold and back again—the hours of ruthless jolting and contact with air of every degree of impurity, which we expect it to sustain with unruffled sweetness of temper?

Rather let us marvel that a confection (for such it really is) which the tenderest care can hardly retain in its pristine perfection, should so often reach our breakfast-tables with the refinement of its true quality so little impaired.

Only of late years have even the commercial authorities practically learned the lessons of purity which some of them have so creditably endeavored to teach us by concentrating the business within large-scale establishments when time and capital are really devoted to securing the desired care.

Now let us look more closely at one or two of the innate peculiarities of milk, in consequence of which a large amount of grumbling is almost invariably lavished upon the wrong heads. The most pregnant of all these is what we call its *effluvium*, that is to say, effluvium in the strict sense, to which nothing offensive necessarily attaches.

Every known substance is capable, in a greater or less degree, of both diffusing and imbibing effluvia or vaporous compounds which are often beyond the reach of any chemical estimation. These become known to us, *if at all*, through the sense of smell, and only subsequently by their action on surrounding matters. Probably but few persons outside the scientific world would be prepared to hear that it would be *next to impossible to devise a compound liquid more susceptible to effluvial influences than fresh milk*.

Imbued at its outset with a slight and agreeable effluvium of its own, it possesses every condition of structure favorable to the reception and retention of every volatile matter approaching it. Most persons are aware of the affinity of all oily matters for odoriferous principles of any kind, and to such as are acquainted with the composition of milk, an illustration of daily occurrence cannot seem overdrawn. A can of milk is received into the house in the evening, and according to a tradition, commendable as far as it goes, is at once poured into a clean earthenware jug; there is no cover, perhaps, but the vessel is clean. This is stood, say on a stone shelf in the larder, to keep cool and free from taint. Its companions there are a joint or two of cold meat (in its gravy), a few unfinished tarts and blanchmanges, a

large bowl of scrap-bread (with incipient fungoid growth), a couple of dozen of eggs (not *all* fresh); underneath, the cheese; overhead, a jar of onions in pickle; in the near distance a few head of game in an advanced stage of—well, “keeping,” and last, but not least, a closed window. Now, what is the “action” hereupon? A thousand to one, the temperature of the milk is, when received, *different* to that of the air in the larder (whether higher or lower). Immediately that it comes to rest, the surface next the air becomes warmed or cooled as the case may be, and by giving place to other portions, sets up a series of gentle currents, by means of which every part of the fluid is successively brought into contact with the air, and its countless crowds of butter-corpuscles, containing fatty matter in a high state of sub-division, are enabled to expose the greatest possible extent of surface. Now it is scarcely the fault of that milk if in ten hours’ time it has failed to lay by at least a trace of every shade of effluvium which has had a chance of circulating near it. And yet when the pardonable nastiness of the milk is commented upon at breakfast, there will not be found wanting some one to exclaim, “What *can* those people feed their cows on?”

Is it necessary to follow the case further? into the nursery or sleeping-room, for example, where the half-breathed air, kept in active movement by the human lungs, and laden with suspended moisture condensing carbonic acid from every direction, heightens even further still the conditions of contamination, while the temperature is such as to place the unfortunate milk upon the very tenter-hooks of absorptiveness. Indeed, one must repeat that a plan could scarcely be devised, short of actually pouring in acetic acid, to communicate the taint of sourness with such absolute certainty and rapidity.

In every grievance, therefore, that arises on the score of *bad or tainted* milk, let us at least learn to distrust the *last* place it has been in rather than the *first*; and ask ourselves whether it is not possible that a substance which has already gone so far out of its way to serve us may not have been finally “put upon” in a manner for which our own end of the transaction is alone responsible. Let it be borne in mind that our own care of the milk we purchase is *more important* than that which precedes it, for two obvious reasons—first, that we receive it at a late period of its life, when it has already suffered from previous ill-usage, and is

therefore more susceptible of injury; and secondly, that we receive it in *small quantities*, and thereby expose a proportionately larger surface to contamination.

The other chief point upon which general prejudice is still much astray is that of modern adulteration. There is no doubt that within the last ten years that which was the rule in this respect has become the exception, and it is a high satisfaction to be able to say that in London especially there is even less cause for present uneasiness on the score of tampering with milk than is popularly supposed. The system of supervision and the simplicity of tests have really driven the ancient mysteries of "Bob" and "Simpson" into a remote corner, and annatto stands forth in the daylight with an easy conscience.

Pure milk, and not only pure but *clean* milk, can be obtained with certainty at current prices, and when this is the case it will take no long period to obliterate the common fallacy which still clings to the idea that yellow milk must be rich, white milk chalky, and blue milk watered. Annatto openly accomplishes the first, nature has no occasion to be ashamed of the second, nor an exhausted cow of the third.

There is reason to hope the time is not far off when it may be said of town milk-supplies that if we will only do our part in taking care of the pence, the pounds may safely be trusted to take care of themselves. And if we have no justification for the comparatively hard service still required of milk, we may at least allow it a precedent dating from a time even earlier than that at which any land can have "flowed with milk and honey."

From The Spectator.

MR. BRIGHT AS A CHURCHMAN.

MR. BRIGHT never showed that deep imaginativeness which lends all the fire to his oratory more curiously than in that hypothesis which he calmly suggested to his audience at the Union Chapel on Tuesday, as to what he should have wished *if he had been a Churchman*, accompanied, as it was, by the smiling remark that he supposed it was very much "a matter of accident" that he was not. At first sight, one would say that not till Mr. Gladstone becomes a cynical indifferentist in politics, and Lord Hartington a passionate zealot; not till Mr. Forster

gives himself up to turning compliments, and Mr. Lowe to casting oil on troubled waters; not till Mr. Childers grows wildly inaccurate, and Sir William Harcourt dull, and Mr. Goschen gushing; not till Lord Granville becomes clumsy, and the Duke of Argyll docile, and Lord Cardwell rash, and Lord Selborne a railer against religion, would Mr. Bright be recognizable as a Churchman. At the first glance, it is almost as easy to think of Milton as a court poet, as to think of Mr. Bright as a conformist. If you take the rage and indignation against aristocratic insolence and episcopal plausibilities out of Mr. Bright's political history, — and it would be hard to separate the one from the other, — what is there left? The finest sarcasms would disappear from every speech, the breath of life from every invective, the motive from every metaphor, the fervor from every appeal to the denunciations of Scripture against the oppressors of the poor. Mr. Bright is by political essence a Nonconformist. The Ethiopian might change his skin and the leopard his spots, sooner than Mr. Bright's oratory could go down to posterity without a positively Miltonian scorn for the Establishment, — and especially for the bench of bishops, — being associated with its greatest feats.

And though nothing, of course, can ever change this destiny now, yet, after all, Mr. Bright was right. He might have been, easily enough, not indeed a smooth Churchman, but a combative layman within the Church instead of a combative antagonist outside it; and if he had been this, we suspect we should have got a good deal of ecclesiastical change for the better out of his oratory, which we have not got as it is. After all, the extent to which opposition goes is a mere matter of the adjustment of relative conditions. The planets would all go off at a tangent, if the force drawing them towards the sun did not just counteract the force swinging them away. Mr. Bright might just as well have been within the ecclesiastical system, instead of a disturbing force outside it, if destiny had made the attraction of his forefathers for the Church a little greater, and their repulsion a little less. And it is curious to think what the difference would have been. Mr. Bright is perfectly right in saying that but for the existence of Dissent in this country, the Church would not be what it is, — that the Church owes enormous obligations to Dissent, both in keeping up its standard of fidelity to duty, and

in exercising that free political criticism which has compelled Churchmen to enlarge their spirit, and to put off that pious and petty air of privileged sanctity which assumes that everything inside the Church is sacramental, and everything outside is common and unclean. In our own day, it is impossible, we suppose, that even the most narrow-minded clergyman alive should be careful to parade the fact that he had dissuaded a mob from attacking a Dissenter's house *only* because his wife's sister was ill, and he feared that the noise might injure the patient, — as happened in the last century. And if it is impossible now, it is chiefly owing to the fidelity, courage, and spiritual power of the Dissenters that it is impossible.

But much as the Church has owed to the Dissenters, it would have owed, we fancy, much more to Churchmen of Mr. Bright's popular and combative frame of mind, if there had been many such to deal as he would have dealt with subjects touching the religious life of the nation. It has been the great misfortune of the constitution of the Church, that there has been within it no constitutional opposition, — at least on matters affecting the laity and the popular side of religious feeling. Partly owing to the exclusion of the Nonconformists, partly to the non-comprehension of the Wesleyans, partly to the tendency of the Evangelical party — who might otherwise have formed a constitutional opposition — to ignore "the world," except where, as in the case of slavery, some crime of the first magnitude was involved in the doings of the world, there has been a great deficiency within the Church of that larger democratic feeling which, outside the Church, the Dissenters have amply supplied. And nothing in the world has done the Church so much harm. If the partial revival of the popular interest in the Church has lately given us such bishops as the Bishop of Manchester and the Bishop of Exeter, the earlier and fuller revival of that feeling would have prevented the Church from ever being the hotbed of prejudice against all popular ideas which Mr. Bright more or less justly complains that it has often been, and even now too much is. No Church has, properly speaking, a right to exist which is not in its heart popular, — that is, more concerned for the moral and spiritual welfare of the great multitude, than for any conceivable class purpose, or the ideas of any one conceivable social stratum. Yet, undoubtedly, most Churches have at times fallen

into the error of identifying themselves with the uppermost social stratum which they contained, even the Dissenters themselves, for instance, showing a far more prompt sympathy with the grievances of the middle class, than with the miseries of the masses underneath. But in every Church that has the Christian principle at all deeply implanted, there is inevitably a powerful reaction against this narrowing influence. In the Church of England, it has come tardily indeed, but it would have come much sooner, had not its proper constitutional opposition been outside the Church, instead of inside it. What we want in the Church is men like Mr. Bright, who will scan jealously the utterances of the bishops and other dignitaries of the Church, who will contrast them with the passion of the prophets and the pity of the psalmists, who will appeal to the hearts of the people against the cold *insouciance* of episcopal prudence. If we had had such leaders inside the Church, instead of fulminating in favor of disestablishment and disendowment outside the Church, — and, as Mr. Bright very truly says, we might have had them, but for a kind of moral accident, in which accident, however, the fault of the Church of two centuries ago was the chief constituent, — the case for disestablishment and disendowment would be small indeed, and it is growing smaller, we hope, every day. But if it is growing smaller every day, it is because the number of laymen in the Church who feel as Mr. Bright, had he been a Churchman, would have felt, is rapidly increasing; because even our bishops now understand better than they did that if they cannot think and feel for the mass of the laity on all subjects of the deepest human interest, they are very likely to endanger their authority as bishops, and the authority of the Church which they represent; because all true Christians are beginning to feel, with Mr. Bright, that it is the Church's first duty to bring about the fulfilment of the prophecy that "the poor shall not always be forgotten, the patient abiding of the meek shall not perish forever."

From Nature.

ARTIFICIAL PRODUCTION OF DIAMONDS.

GLASGOW seems determined to have the honor of producing the diamond artificially. In spite of Mr. Mactear's recent

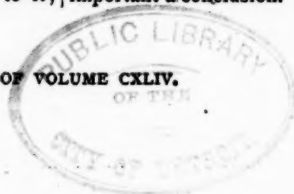
failure, Mr. J. B. Hannay, whose paper on the solubility of solids in gases we published not long ago, has been utilizing the method indicated in that paper in experiments on the artificial production of the diamond. Mr. Hannay is to read a paper on the subject at the Royal Society, and any remarks on his work we shall postpone for the present. Meantime from the letters and articles that have appeared in the papers, we may form some idea of what has been done. Prof. Story Maskelyne, writing to the *Times*, says:—

"A few weeks since I had to proclaim the failure of one attempt to produce the diamond in a chemical laboratory. To-day I ask a little space in one of your columns in order to announce the entire success of such an attempt by another Glasgow gentleman. That gentleman is Mr. J. Ballantine Hannay, of Woodbourn, Helensburgh, and Sword Street, Glasgow, a fellow of the Chemical Society of London, who has to-day sent me some small crystallized particles presenting exactly the appearance of fragments of a broken diamond. In lustre, in a certain lamellar structure on the surfaces of cleavage, in refractive power, they accorded so closely with that mineral that it seemed hardly rash to proclaim them even at first sight to be diamond. And they satisfy the characteristic tests of that substance. Like the diamond, they are nearly inert in polarized light, and their hardness is such that they easily scored deep grooves in a polished surface of sapphire, which the diamond alone can do. I was able to measure the angle between the cleavage faces of one of them, notwithstanding that the image from one face was too incomplete for a very accurate result. But the mean of the angles so measured on the goniometer was $70^{\circ} 29'$, the correct angle on a crystal of the diamond being $70^{\circ} 31'7''$. Finally one of the particles, ignited on a foil of platinum, glowed and gradually disappeared exactly as mineral diamond would do. There is no doubt whatever that Mr. Hannay has succeeded in solving this problem and removing from the science of chemistry an opprobrium so long adhering to it;

for, whereas the larger part of the great volume recording the triumphs of that science is occupied by the chemistry of carbon, this element has never been crystallized by man till Mr. Hannay achieved the triumph which I have the pleasure of recording to-day. His process for effecting this transmutation, hardly less momentous to the arts than to the possessors of a wealth of jewellery, is on the eve of being announced to the Royal Society."

The *Glasgow Herald*, in referring to Mr. Hannay's discovery, states in a general way that his process "involves the simultaneous application of enormous pressure—probably many tons on the square inch of surface within the apparatus—and a very high temperature, ranging up to a dull red heat. It may be said that the process is the outcome of a thoroughly scientific investigation into the subject of solution, and not a "happy-go-lucky" hit. We understand that hydrocarbon compounds have been used in the process, but we have some hesitation in concluding that the crystalline carbon is of necessity obtained by the dissociation of those compounds; by-and-by, however, that point will doubtless be satisfactorily established. So far as we can learn, Mr. Hannay's experiments were not all successful, there being, it is said, far more failures than successes; the latter, however, occurred near the end of the series, thus showing that the operator had become familiar with the conditions under which the dissociation of the carbon was effected, and its subsequent deposition in the crystalline form. It would seem that up to the present only very small crystalline particles have been obtained, and hence the process must be an exceedingly expensive one to produce a real gem; something like spending 5*l.* to get 5*s.*, to speak roughly."

Prof. Roscoe, writing to the *Times*, states that the use of his name as having accepted Mr. Hannay's discovery as an accomplished fact has not been authorized by him, and that the evidence yet submitted to him by Mr. Hannay is insufficient, in his opinion, to establish so important a conclusion.



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